THE

JEALOUS WIFE:

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

By GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

Servata ſemper LEGE *et* RATIONE.— JUV.

BELFAST:

Printed by DANIEL BLOW, for ROBERT JOHNSTON.
MDCC LXI.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

The EARL of BATH.

MY LORD,

AFTER having written a Play entirely without your Knowledge; and after having frankly confeſſed, that I only concealed my Deſign, becauſe I doubted of its meeting with your Approbation: Excuſe me, if I attempt to vindicate one Act of Preſumption by another; and now the Piece is come abroad into the World, give me leave to hope that You will take it under your Protection.

When I addreſs myſelf to You on ſo publick an Occaſion, they, who know how much I owe to You, will undoubtedly expect that I ſhall not let ſlip ſo fair an Opportunity of expreſſing my Gratitude. They will naturally imagine, that the Countenance You have ever ſhewn me, the Kindneſs and Indulgence with which you have treated me, and your continued Acts of Benevolence and Generoſity to me, will not be forgot; but that I ſhall dwell with Pleaſure on a Subject, whereon I have nothing to ſay but what comes immediately from my Heart.

The World, however, is deceived. Your eminent Qualities are too well known, for me to expatiate on them: And as for your particular Goodneſs to me, That, I fear, becomes too inconſiderable for general Notice from the Object on which it has been exerted. I ſhould chuſe,

therefore, rather to fall into another Vein: To ſhew that Scholars and Writers have a Title to your Patronage; and to prove, that You, of all Perſons in the great World, are the very Man, with whom it is moſt likely that an Adventurer in Letters ſhould make free.

Let us only review your Life and Converſation, the Company You have always kept, and the Methods by which You have ſignalized Yourſelf in this Kingdom! Were not your earlieſt Connections formed with an Attention to Literature? Were not your intimate Acquaintance the moſt eminent Men of their Time, remarkable not only for worldly Talents, and what are called ſolid Underſtandings, but diſtinguiſhed by that Brilliancy and Vivacity, peculiar to the Lovers of the *Belles Lettres*? Did not You even condeſcend to aſſociate with the profeſſed Wits of the Age? It is well known, that You have paſſed many a ſocial Evening with *Steele* and *Addiſon*; You have joined in the rich Humour of *Arbuthnot*; You have read the Comedies of *Congreve*, (my Brother-Student of the Law) in Manuſcript; You have correſponded with *Pope* and *Swift*; and *Gay* lived and wrote in your Houſe.

How You ſpent your Time in this dangerous Company, it is too eaſy to conceive. The Turn and Spirit of your Compoſitions, notwithſtanding your Endeavours to be concealed, ſoon betrayed You for their Author. Deep in the Myſteries of Politicks, and acquainted with the Revolution of every Wheel of Government, You rendered your other Talents ſubſervient to theſe greater Purpoſes. You have been frequently known to ſeaſon the Severity of Debate, by a ſtrong Leaven of Pleaſantry and Humour: Nay more, if I may believe what I have heard, You have not been contented merely with diſplaying your Eloquence in Parliament, but have exerciſed your other Talents, for the ſame End, in Concert with other wicked Wits, without Doors.

This, my Lord, is the Character, which I am told, You have always borne in the World; and I muſt confeſs, that, in my Opinion, You are not in the leaſt altered. Notwithſtanding you are ſo much farther advanced in Life, You have as much Wit, and, for aught I ſee, as great a Love for Wit, and Tendency to be witty, as ever. If a Pamphlet appears, whoſe Solidity of Argument, and

and Strength of Stile, give an Alarm to the Publick, it is immediately attributed to the Earl of *Bath*. If a little *Jeu d'Eſprit*, or a *Bon Mot*, goes about the Town, ten to one but it is ſaid to be the Earl of *Bath*'s. I perhaps am queſtioned about it. I know nothing of the Matter: But from what I ſee of the Earl of *Bath*, I am always apt to think, that, if the Work is maſterly, Nobody is more equal to the Execution of it; or, if the Wit is excellent, Nobody is ſo likely to have thrown it out in ſuch a careleſs Manner, as to have forgot, almoſt immediately what they who heard it, always muſt remember.

Filled with this Idea of your Character, how can I bring myſelf to make a formal Apology for the preſent Undertaking? I do not find that your Wit has ever done You any Harm: That mine, if I had any, ſhould, like Yours, be made conducive to greater Ends, might, I fear, rather be wiſhed than expected: And yet, whether "I "ſhall leave a Calling for this idle Trade," is a Point, which, I hope, the World will not too haſtily decide, but candidly leave to Time alone to determine. If I am to blame in what I have done, You have been in Part the innocent Occaſion of it, and muſt give me Leave to quote You as a freſh Inſtance of the dangerous Quality of Wit, and in the Spirit of *Shakeſpear*'s *Dogberry*, to deſire You "to correct Yourſelf for the Example of "others."

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's moſt obliged,

Lincoln's-Inn, Feb. 18, 1761.

And grateful humble Servant,

GEORGE COLMAN.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. LLOYD.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

THE Jealous Wife! A Comedy! Poor Man!
A charming Subject! But a wretched Plan.
His ſhittiſh Wit, o'erleaping the due Bound,
Commits flat Treſpaſs upon Tragic Ground.
Quarrels, Upbraidings, Jealouſies, and Spleen,
Grow too familiar in the Comic Scene.
Tinge but the Language with Heroick Chime,
'Tis Paſſion, Pathos, Character, Sublime!
What round big Words had ſwell'd the pompous Scene,
A King the Huſband, and the Wife a Queen!
Then might Diſtraction rend her graceful Hair,
See ſightleſs Forms, and ſcream, and gape, and ſtare.
Drawcanſir *Death had rag'd without Controul,*
Here the drawn Dagger, there the poiſon'd Bowl.
What Eyes had ſtream'd at all the whining Woe!
What Hands had thunder'd at each Hah! *and* Oh!
But Peace! The gentle Prologue Cuſtom ſends,
Like Drum and Serjeant, to beat up for Friends.
At Vice and Folly, each a lawful Game,
Our Author flies, but with no partial *Aim.*
He read the Manners, open as they lie
In Nature's Volume to the general Eye.
Books too he read, nor bluſh'd to uſe their Store.——
He does but what his Betters did before.
Shakeſpeare *has done it, and the* Grecian *Stage,*
Caught Truth of Character from Homer's *Page.*
If in his Scenes an honeſt Skill is ſhew'n,
And borrowing little, much appears his own;
If what a Maſter's happy Pencil drew,
He brings more forward in Dramatick View;

To

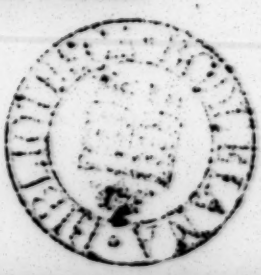
PROLOGUE.

To your Deciſion He Submits his Cauſe,
Secure of Candour, anxious for Applauſe.
But if, all rude, his artleſs Scenes deface,
The ſimple Beauties which He meant to grace,
If, an Invader upon others Land,
He ſpoil and plunder with a Robber's Hand,
Do Juſtice on Him!---As on Fools before,
And give to Blockheads *paſt one* Blockhead *more.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Uſe that has been made in this Comedy of *Fielding*'s admirable Novel of *Tom Jones*, muſt be obvious to the moſt ordinary Reader. Some Hints have alſo been taken from the Account of Mr. and Mrs. *Freeman*, in N°. 212, and N°. 216, of the *Spectator*; and the ſhort Scene of *Charles*'s Intoxication, at the End of the Third Act, is partly an Imitation of the Behaviour of *Syrus*, much in the ſame Circumſtances, in the *Adelphi* of *Terence*. There are alſo ſome Traces of the Character of the Jealous Wife, in one of the latter Papers of the *Connoiſſeur*.

It would be unjuſt, indeed, to omit mentioning my Obligations to Mr. *Garrick*. To his Inſpection the Comedy was ſubmitted in its firſt rude State; and to my Care and Attention to follow his Advice in many Particulars, relating both to the Fable and Characters, I know that I am much indebted for the Reception which this Piece has met with from the Publick.



DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Oakly,	Mr. GARRICK.
Major *Oakly*,	Mr. YATES.
Charles,	Mr. PALMER.
Ruſſet,	Mr. BURTON.
Sir *Henry Beagle*,	Mr. KING.
Lord *Trinket*,	Mr. OBRIEN.
Captain *O'Cutter*,	Mr. MOODY.
Paris,	Mr. BLAKES.
William,	Mr. ACKMAN.
John,	Mr. CASTLE.
Tom,	Mr. CLOUGH.
Servant to Lady *Freelove*,	Mr. FOX.

Mrs. *Oakly*,	Mrs. PRITCHARD.
Lady *Freelove*,	Mrs. CLIVE.
Harriot,	Miſs PRITCHARD.
Toilet,	Mrs. JOHNSTON.
Chambermaid,	Mrs. SIMPSON.

THE

THE

JEALOUS WIFE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A Room in* Oakly's *Houſe. Noiſe heard within.*

Mrs. Oakly *within.*

DON'T tell Me----I know it is ſo---It's monſtrous, and I will not bear it.

Oak. within. But, my Dear! ----

Mrs. *Oak.* Nay, nay, *&c.* [*Squabbling within.*

Enter Mrs. Oakly, *with a Letter*, Oakly *following.*

Mrs. *Oak.* Say what You will, Mr. *Oakly*, You ſhall never perſuade Me, but this is ſome filthy Intrigue of Yours.

Oak. I can aſſure You, my Love !----

Mrs. *Oak.* Your Love !---Don't I know your----Tell Me, I ſay, this Inſtant, every Circumſtance relating to this Letter.

Oak. How can I tell You, when You will not ſo much as let me ſee it ?

Mrs. *Oak.* Look you, Mr, *Oakly*, this Uſage is not to be borne. You take a Pleaſure in abuſing my Tenderneſs and ſoft Diſpoſition.-----To be perpetually running over the whole Town, nay, the whole Kingdom too, in purſuit of your Amours!----Did not I diſcover that You

was

was great with Mademoiſelle my own Woman?---Did not You contract a ſhameful Familiarity with Mrs. *Freeman?* ---Did not I detect your Intrigue with Lady *Wealthy?*---Was not You----

Oak. Oons! Madam, the Grand Turk himſelf has not half ſo many Miſtreſſes----You throw Me out of all Patience--Do I know any body but our common Friends?--Am I viſited by any body, that does not viſit You?---Do I ever go out, unleſs you go with me?---And am I not as conſtantly by your Side, as if I was tied to your Apron Strings?

Mrs. *Oak.* Go, go, You are a falſe Man---Have not I found You out a thouſand Times? And have I not this Moment a Letter in my Hand, which convinces Me of your Baſeneſs?---Let Me know the whole Affair, or I will----

Oak. Let You know?--Let Me know what You would have of me---You ſtop my Letter before it comes to my Hands, and then expect that I ſhould know the Contents of it.

Mrs. *Oak.* Heaven be praiſed! I ſtopt it----I ſuſpected ſome of theſe Doings for ſome Time paſt----But the Letter informs me who She is, and I'll be revenged on Her ſufficiently. Oh, You baſe Man, you!-----

Oak. I beg, my Dear, that You would moderate your Paſſion!---Shew Me the Letter, and I'll convince You of my Innocence.

Mrs. *Oak.* Innocence!---Abominable!---Innocence!--But I am not to be made ſuch a Fool---I am convinced of your Perfidy, and very ſure that----

Oak. 'Sdeath and Fire! your Paſſion hurries You out of your Senſes----Will You hear Me?

Mrs. *Oak.* No, You are a baſe Man; and I will not hear You.

Oak. Why then, my Dear, ſince you will neither talk reaſonably Yourſelf, nor liſten to Reaſon from Me, I ſhall take my Leave till you are in a better Humour. So, your Servant——— [*Going.*

Mrs. *Oak.* Ay, go, you cruel Man!-----Go to your Miſtreſſes, and leave your poor Wife to her Miſeries.---- How unfortunate a Woman am I!---- I could die with Vexation——— [*Throwing herſelf into a Chair.*

Oak.

Oak. There it is---Now dare not I ſtir a Step further ---If I offer to go, She is in one of her fits in an Inſtant ---Never ſure was Woman at once of ſo violent and ſo delicate a Conſtitution!---What ſhall I ſay to ſooth Her? ---Nay, never make Thyſelf ſo uneaſy, my Dear--Come, come, you know I love You. Nay, nay, You ſhall be convinced.

Mrs. *Oak.* I know You hate Me; and that your Unkindneſs and Barbarity will be the Death of Me [*Whining.*

Oak. Do not vex Yourſelf at this rate---I love You moſt paſſionately--Indeed I do---This muſt be ſome Miſtake.

Mrs. *Oak.* O, I am an unhappy Woman! [*Weeping.*

Oak. Dry up thy Tears, my Love, and be comforted! ----You will find that I am not to blame in this Matter ---Come, let Me ſee this Letter,----Nay, you ſhall not deny Me. [*Taking the Letter.*

Mrs. *Oak.* There! take it, you know the Hand, I am ſure.

Oak. To *Charles Oakly*, Eſq; [*Reading.*]----Hand! 'Tis a Clerk-like Hand, indeed! A good round Text! And was certainly never penned by a fair Lady.

Mrs. *Oak.* Ay, laugh at Me, do!

Oak. Forgive Me, my love, I did not mean to laugh at Thee------But what ſays the Letter?--[*Reading.*]---- *Daughter eloped--You muſt be privy to it---Scandalous--- Diſhonourable---Satisfaction--Revenge*---um, um, um,--- *Injured Father.* Henry Ruſſet.

Mrs. *Oak.* [*Riſing*] Well, Sir---You ſee I have detected You--Tell me this Inſtant where She is concealed.

Oak. So---ſo---ſo-----This hurts Me--I'm ſhocked,--- [*To himſelf.*

Mrs, *Oak.* What are You confounded with your Guilt? Have I caught You at laſt?

Oak. O that wicked *Charles!* To decoy a young Lady from her Parents in the country! The Profligacy of the young Fellows of this Age is abominable. [*To himſelf.*

Mrs. *Oak.* [*Half aſide and muſing.*] *Charles!*---Let me ſee!----*Charles*!---No!---Impoſſible.---This is all Trick.

Oak.

Oak. He has certainly ruined this poor Lady.
[*To himſelf.*

Mrs. *Oak.* Art! Art! all Art!-----There's a ſudden Turn now!---You have a ready Wit for Intrigue, I find.

Oak. Such an abandoned Action!---I wiſh I had never had the Care of him. [*To himſelf.*

Mrs. *Oak.* Mighty fine, Mr. *Oakly*!----Go on, Sir, go on!---I ſee what You mean.----Your Aſſurance provokes me beyond your very Falſhood itſelf.--So you imagine, Sir, that this affected Concern, this ſlimſy Pretence about *Charles*, is to bring You off.----Matchleſs Confidence!-----But I am armed againſt every Thing. I am prepared for all your dark Schemes: I am aware of all your dark Stratagems.

Oak. See there now! Was ever any thing ſo provoking? To perſevere in your ridiculous.----For Heaven's ſake, my Dear, don't diſtract Me. When You ſee my Mind thus agitated and uneaſy, that a young Fellow, whom his dying Father, my own Brother, committed to my Care, ſhould be guilty of ſuch enormous Wickedneſs; I ſay, when You are witneſs of my Diſtreſs on this Occaſion, how can You be weak enough, and cruel enough to------

Mrs. *Oak.* Prodigiouſly well, Sir! You do it very well.---Nay, keep it up, carry it on, there's nothing like going through with it.---O you artful Creature! But, Sir, I am not to be ſo eaſily ſatisfied.---I do not believe a Syllable of all this----Give me the Letter---[*Snatching the Letter.*]---You ſhall ſorely repent this vile Buſineſs, for I am reſolved that I will know the Bottom of it. [*Exit.*

Oakly, *ſolus.*

Oak. This is beyond all Patience,---Provoking Woman!---Her abſurd Suſpicions enterpret every Thing the wrong Way. She delights to make Me wretched, becauſe She ſees I am attached to Her, and converts my Tenderneſs and Affection into the Inſtruments of my own Torture.---But this ungracious Boy!----In how many Troubles will He involve his own and this Lady's Family!---I never imagined that He was of ſuch abandoned Principles---O, here he comes!

Enter

Enter Major Oakly, *and* Charles.

Char. Good-morrow, Sir!

Maj. Good-morrow, Brother, good-morrow!---What! You have been at the old Work, I find. I heard you ---ding! dong! i'faith!---She has rung a noble Peal in your Ears.---But how now? Why ſure You've had a remarkable warm Bout on't.---You ſeem more ruffled than uſual.

Oak. I am indeed, Brother!----Thanks to that young Gentleman there.---Have a Care *Charles!* You may be called to a ſevere Account for this.----The Honour of a Family, Sir, is no ſuch light Matter.

Char. Sir!

Maj. Hey-day! What has a Curtain-Lecture produced a Lecture of Morality? What is all this?

Oak. To a profligate Mind, perhaps theſe Things may appear agreeable in the Beginning.--But don't You tremble at the Conſequences?

Char. I ſee, Sir, that You are diſpleaſed with Me, but I am quite at a Loſs how to gueſs at the Occaſion.

Oak. Tell Me, Sir!---Where is Miſs *Harriot Ruſſet?*

Char. Miſs *Harriot Ruſſet!* Sir,---Explain.

Oak. Have not You decoyed Her from Her Father?

Char. I!---Decoyed Her! Decoyed my *Harriot!*---I wou'd ſooner die than do Her the leaſt Injury.---What can this mean?

Maj. I believe the young Dog has been at Her after all.

Oak. I was in Hopes, *Charles*, You had better Principles. But there's a Letter juſt come from her Father-----

Char. A Letter!-----What Letter? Dear Sir, give it me. Some Intelligence of my *Harriot*, *Major!*------ The Letter, Sir, the Letter this Moment, for Heaven's Sake!

Oak. If this Warmth, *Charles*, tends to prove your Innocence.-- --

Char. Dear Sir, excuſe Me,----I'll prove any Thing. ----Let Me but ſee this Letter, and I'll-----

Oak. Let You ſee it?---I cou'd hardly get a Sight of it Myſelf,-----Mrs. *Oakly* has it.-----

Char. Has She got it?——*Major*, I'll be with you again directly. [*Exit* haſtily.

Maj. Hey-day! The Devil's in the Boy! What a fiery Set of People! By my Troth, I think the whole Family is made up of nothing but Combuſtibles.

Oak. I like his Emotion. It looks well. It may ſerve too to convince my Wife of the Folly of her Suſpicions. Would to Heaven I cou'd quiet them for ever!

Maj. Why pray now, my dear naughty Brother, what heinous Offence have you committed this Morning? What new Cauſe of Suſpicion?——You have been aſking one of the Maids to mend your Ruffle, I ſuppoſe, or have been hanging your Head out of a Window, when a pretty young Woman has paſt by, or——

Oak. How can you trifle with my Diſtreſſes? *Major*! ——Did not I tell you it was about a Letter?

Maj. A Letter!—Hum——A ſuſpicious Circumſtance to be ſure!——What, and the Seal a True-Lover's Knot now, hey! or an Heart tranſfixt with Darts; or poſſibly the Wax bore the induſtrious Impreſſion of a Thimble; or, perhaps, the Folds were lovingly connected by a Wafer, prickt with a Pin, and the Direction written in a vile Scrawl, and not a Word ſpelt as it ſhou'd be; ha! ha! ha!

Oak. Pooh! Brother——Whatever it was, the Letter, you find, was for *Charles*, not for Me——This outrageous Jealouſy is the Devil.

Maj. Mere matrimonial Bleſſings and domeſtick Comfort, Brother! Jealouſy is a certain ſign of Love.

Oak. Love! it is this very Love that has made us both miſerable——Her Love for Me has confined Me to my Houſe, like a State Priſoner, without the Liberty of ſeeing my Friends, or the Uſe of Pen, Ink, and Paper; while my Love for Her has made ſuch a Fool of me, that I have never had the Spirit to contradict Her.

Maj. Ay, ay, there you've hit it; Mrs. *Oakly* wou'd make an excellent Wife, if you did but know how to manage her.

Oak. You are a rare Fellow, indeed, to talk of managing

naging a Wife———A debauch'd Batchelor——A rattle-brain'd, rioting, Fellow———who have pick'd up your Common-place Notions of Women in Bagnios, Taverns, and the Camp; whoſe moſt refined Commerce with the Sex, has been in order to delude Country Girls at your Quarters, or to beſiege the Virtue of Abigals, Milliners or Mantuamakers Prentices.

Maj. So much the better!———So much the better! Women are all alike in the main, Brother, high or low, married or ſingle, Quality or no Quality. I have found them ſo, from a Dutcheſs down to a Milkmaid.

Oak. Your ſavage Notions are ridiculous——What do You know of a Huſband's Feeling?———You, who compriſe all your Qualities in your *Honour*, as You call it!—Dead to all Sentiments of Delicacy, and incapable of any but the groſſeſt Attachments to Women.—This is Your boaſted Refinement, Your thorough Knowledge of the World! While, with regard to Women, one poor Train of Thinking, one narrow Set of Ideas, like the Uniform of the Regiment, ſerves the whole Corps.

Maj. Very fine, Brother!———There's Common-Place for You with a Vengeance. Henceforth, expect no Quarter from Me——I tell You again and again, I know the Sex better than You do. They all love to give themſelves Airs, and to have Power:—Every Woman is a Tyrant at the Bottom. But They cou'd never make a Fool of Me.——No, no! No Woman ſhou'd ever domineer over Me, let Her be Miſtreſs or Wife.—

Oak. Single Men can be no Judges in theſe Caſes—They muſt happen in all Families——But when Things are driven to Extremities——To ſee a Woman in Uneaſineſs—A Woman one loves too——One's Wife—Who can withſtand it?——You neither ſpeak nor think like a Man that has lov'd, and been married, *Major!*

Maj. I wiſh I cou'd hear a married Man ſpeak my Language———I'm a Batchelor, its true; but I am no bad Judge of your Caſe for all that. I know Yours and Mrs. *Oakly*'s Diſpoſition to an Hair. She is all Impetuoſity and Fire.———A very

Magazine of Touchwood and Gunpowder.——You are hot enough too upon Occaſion, but then it's over in an inſtant. In comes Love and conjugal Affection, as You call it;—That is, mere Folly and Weakneſs—And You draw off your Forces, juſt when You ſhould purſue the Attack, and follow your Advantage. Have at Her with Spirit, and the Day's your own, Brother!

Oak. I tell You, Brother, You miſtake the Matter. Sulkineſs, Fits, Tears!——Theſe, and ſuch as theſe, are the Things which make a feeling Man uneaſy. Her Paſſion and Violence have not half ſuch an Effect on me.

Maj. Why, then, You may be ſure, ſhe'll play that upon You, which ſhe finds does moſt Execution. But You muſt be Proof againſt every Thing. If She's furious, ſet Paſſion againſt Paſſion; if You find Her at her Tricks, play off Art againſt Art, and foil Her at her own Weapons. That's your Game, Brother!

Oak. Why, what wou'd You have Me do?

Maj. Do, as You pleaſe, for one Month, whether She likes it or not; and I'll anſwer for it, She will conſent You ſhall do as You pleaſe all her Life after.

Oak. This is fine Talking——You do not conſider the Difficulty that———

Maj. You muſt overcome all Difficulties. Aſſert your Right, boldly, Man! Give your own Orders to Servants, and ſee they obſerve them; read your own Letters, and never let Her have a Sight of them; make your own Appointments, and never be perſuaded to break them; ſee what Company You like; go out when You pleaſe; return when You pleaſe, and don't ſuffer Yourſelf to be call'd to account where you have been. In ſhort, do but ſhew Yourſelf a Man of Spirit, leave off Whining about Love and Tenderneſs, and Nonſenſe, and the Buſineſs is done, Brother!

Oak. I believe You're in the Right, *Major*——I ſee You're in the Right. I'll do't, I'll certainly do't——But then it hurts Me to the Soul, to think what Uneaſineſs I ſhall give Her. The firſt Opening of My Deſign will throw Her into Fits, and the Purſuit of it, perhaps, may be fatal.

Maj.

Maj. Fits! Ha! ha! ha!---Fits!---I'll engage to cure Her of her Fits. No-body underſtands Hyſterical Caſes better than I do: Beſides, my Siſter's Symptoms are not very dangerous--Did you ever hear of Her falling into a Fit, when You was not by?--Was ſhe ever found in Convulſions in her Cloſet?--No, no, theſe Fits, the more Care You take of them, the more You will increaſe the Diſtemper: Let them alone, and they will wear themſelves out, I warrant you.

Oak. True--Very true---You're certainly in the Right --I'll follow Your Advice. Where do You dine To-day? I'll order my Coach, and go with You.

Maj. O brave! Keep up this Spirit, and you're made for ever.

Oak. You ſhall ſee now, *Major!* Who's there?--[*Enter Servant.*] Order the Coach directly——I ſhall dine out To-day.

Serv. The Coach Sir!—— Now? Sir!

Oak. Ay, now, immediately.

Serv. Now? Sir!—The—the--Coach! Sir!—That is--My Miſtreſs—— [Inſtant.

Oak. Sirrah! Do as you're bid---Bid them put to this

Serv. Ye--yes, Sir—Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Oak. Well, where ſhall we dine?

Maj. At the *St. Alban's*, or where You will——This is excellent, if you do but hold to it.

Oak. I will have my own Way, I am determined——

Maj. That's right.

Oak. I am Steel——

Maj. Bravo!

Oak. Adamant——

Maj. Braviſſimo!

Oak. Juſt what you'd have Me.

Maj. Why, that's well ſaid. But will you do it?

Oak. I will. I'll be a Fool to her no longer.——But hark-ye, *Major!* my Hat and my Sword lie in my Study ---I'll go and ſteal them out, while She is buſy talking with *Charles.*

Maj. Steal them! For Shame! Prithee take them boldly, call for them, make them bring them to you here, and go out with Spirit, in the Face of your whole Family.

Oak. No, no—You are wrong—Let Her rave after I am gone, and when I return, You know, I ſhall exert myſelf with more Propriety, after this open Affront to her Authority.

Maj. Well, take your own Way.

Oak. Ay, ay——Let Me manage it, let Me manage it. [*Exit.*

Major Oakly, *ſolus.*

Maj. Manage it!—Ay, to be ſure, You're a rare Manager!——It is dangerous, they ſay, to meddle between Man and Wife—I am no great Favourite of Mrs. *Oakly*'s already; and in a Week's Time I expect to have the Door ſhut in my Teeth.

Enter Charles.

How now, *Charles*, what News?

Char. Ruined and undone!——She's gone, Uncle!—My *Harriot*'s loſt for ever.

Maj. Gone off with a Man?——I thought ſo: They are all alike.

Char. O no!—Fled to avoid that hateful Match with Sir *Harry Beagle.*

Maj. Faith, a Girl of Spirit!——Joy! *Charles*, I give you Joy; She is your own, my Boy!——A Fool and a great Eſtate! Deviliſh ſtrong Temptations!

Char. A Wretch! I was ſure She wou'd never think of him.

Maj. No! to-be-ſure!—Commend me to your Modeſty!—Refuſe Five Thouſand a Year, and a Baronet, for pretty Mr. *Charles Oakly!*——It is true, indeed, that the Looby has not a ſingle Idea in his Head, beſides a Hound, a Hunter, a five-barred Gate, and an Horſe-Race: But then he's rich, and that will qualify his Abſurdities.——Money is a wonderful Improver of the Underſtanding.—But whence comes all this Intelligence?

Char. In an angry Letter from her Father.—How miſerable I am! If I had not offended my *Harriot*, much offended her by that fooliſh Riot and Drinking at your Houſe in the Country, ſhe wou'd certainly at ſuch a Time have taken Refuge in my arms.

Maj. A very agreeable Refuge for a young Lady, to be ſure, and extremely decent!

Char.

Char. I am all Uneaſineſs. Did not She tell Me, that She trembled at the Thoughts of having truſted her Affections with a Man of ſuch a wild Diſpoſition?—What a Heap of Extravagancies was I guilty of!

Maj. Extravagancies with a Witneſs! Ah, you ſilly young Dog, You wou'd ruin yourſelf with her Father, in Spite of all I cou'd do. There you ſat, as drunk as a Lord, telling the old Gentleman the whole Affair, and ſwearing you wou'd drive Sir *Harry Beagle* out of the Country, tho' I kept winking and nodding, pulling you by the Sleeve, and kicking your Shins under the Table, in Hopes of ſtopping you, but all to no Purpoſe.

Char. What Diſtreſs may She be in at this Inſtant? Alone and defenceleſs!———Where? where can ſhe be?

Maj. What Relations or Friends has ſhe in Town?

Cha. Relations! Let me ſee.--Faith! I have it.—If She is in Town, ten to one but ſhe is at her Aunt's, Lady *Freelove's*. I'll go thither immediately.

Maj. Lady *Freelove's*! Hold, hold, *Charles!*—Do you know her Ladyſhip?

Char. Not much; but I'll break through all Forms, to get to my *Harriot*.

Maj. I do know her Ladyſhip.

Char. Well, and what do you know of her?

Maj. O nothing!——Her Ladyſhip is a Woman of the World, that's all———She'll introduce *Harriot* to the beſt Company.———

Char. What do you mean?

Maj. Yes, yes, I wou'd truſt a Wife, or a Daughter, or a Miſtreſs, with Lady *Freelove*, to be ſure!——I tell you what, *Charles!* You're a good Boy, but you don't know the World. Women are fifty Times oftner ruined by their Acquaintance with each other, than by their Attachment to Men. One thorough-paced Lady will train up a thouſand Novices. That Lady *Freelove* is an arrant——By the Bye, did not She, laſt Summer, make formal Propoſals to *Harriot's* Father from Lord *Trinket?*

Char. Yes! But they were received with the utmoſt Contempt. The old Gentleman, it ſeems, hates a Lord, and he told her ſo in plain Terms.

Maj.

Maj. Such an Averſion to the Nobility may not run in the Blood. The Girl, I warrant you, has no Objection. However, if ſhe's there, watch her narrowly, *Charles!* Lady *Freelove* is as miſchievous as a Monkey, and as cunning too.——Have a Care of her. I ſay, have a Care of her!

Char. If She's there, I'll have her out of the Houſe within this half Hour, or ſet Fire to it.

Maj. Nay, now You are too violent.——Stay a Moment, and We'll conſider what is beſt to be done.

Re-enter Oakly.

Oak. Come, is the Coach ready? Let us be gone. Does *Charles* go with Us?

Char. I go with You!——What can I do? I am ſo vext and diſtracted, and ſo many Thoughts croud in upon Me, I don't know which Way to turn myſelf.

Mrs. *Oak. within.* The Coach!——Dines out!—Where is your Maſter?

Maj. Zouns! Brother, here ſhe is!

Enter Mrs. Oakly.

Mrs. *Oak.* Pray, Mr. *Oakly*, what is the Reaſon you cannot dine at Home To-day?

Oak. Don't be uneaſy, my Dear!——I have a little Buſineſs to ſettle with my Brother; ſo I am only juſt going with him and *Charles* to the Tavern.

Mrs. *Oak.* Why cannot you ſettle your Buſineſs here as well as at a Tavern? But it is ſome of your Ladies Buſineſs, I ſuppoſe, and ſo you muſt get rid of my Company ——This is chiefly your Fault, Major *Oakly*.

Maj. Lord! Siſter, what ſignifies it, whether a Man dines at home or abroad? [*coolly.*

Mrs. *Oak.* It ſignifies a great deal, Sir! And I don't chuſe——

Maj. Poo! Let him go! My dear Siſter, let him go! He will be ten Times better Company when he comes back. I tell you what, Siſter!—You ſit at home till you are quite tired of one another, and then you grow croſs, and fall out. If you wou'd but part a little now and then, you might meet again in good Humour.

Mrs. *Oak.* I beg, Major *Oakly*, that you wou'd trouble yourſelf about your own Affairs; and let me tell you, Sir, that I——

Oak.

Oak. Nay do not put Thyſelf into a Paſſion with the *Major*, my Dear!——It is not His Fault; and I ſhall come back to Thee very ſoon.

Mrs. *Oak.* Come back?—Why need You go out?——I know well enough when You mean to deceive me: For then there is always a Pretence of dining with Sir *John*, or my Lord, or Somebody; but when You tell Me, that You are going to a Tavern, it's ſuch a bare-fac'd Affront———

Oak. This is ſo ſtrange now!——Why, my Dear, I ſhall only juſt———

Mrs. *Oak.* Only juſt go after the Lady in the Letter, I ſuppoſe.

Oak. Well, well, I won't go then——Will that convince you?———I'll ſtay with You, my Dear!——— Will that ſatisfy You?

Maj. For Shame! Hold out, if You are a Man. } *Aſide between* Oakly *and the* Major.

Oak. She has been ſo much vexed this Morning already, I muſt humour Her a little now.

Maj. Fie! fie! Go out, or you're undone.

Oak. You ſee its impoſſible——— [*To Mrs.* Oakly.] I'll dine at home with Thee, my Love!

Mrs. *Oak.* Ay, ay, pray do, Sir!———Dine at a Tavern indeed! [*Going.*

Oak. [*Returning.*] You may depend on me another Time, *Major!*

Maj. Steel and Adamant!———Ah!

Mrs. *Oak.* [*Returning.*] Mr. *Oakly!*

Oak. O my Dear! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Major Oakly, *and* Charles.

Maj. Ha! ha! ha! ha! There's the Picture of Reſolution. There goes a Philoſopher for you! Ha! *Charles!*

Char. O Uncle! I have no Spirits to laugh now.

Maj. So! I have a fine Time on't, between You and my Brother. Will you meet me to dinner at the *St. Alban*'s by Four? We'll drink her Health, and think of this Affair.

Char. Don't depend on me. I ſhall be running all over the Town in Purſuit of my *Harriot.* I have been conſider-

conſidering what you have ſaid, but at all Events I'll go directly to Lady *Freelove*'s. If I find Her not there, which Way I ſhall direct myſelf, Heaven knows.

Maj. Hark'ye, *Charles!* If you meet with Her, You may be at a Loſs. Bring her to my Houſe. I have a ſnug Room, and———

Char. Phoo! prithee, Uncle, don't trifle with me now.

Maj. Well, ſeriouſly then, my Houſe is at your Service.

Char. I thank You: But I muſt be gone.

Maj. Ay, ay, bring her to my Houſe, and We'll ſettle the whole Affair for You. You ſhall clap Her into a Poſt-Chaiſe, take the Chaplain of our Regiment along with You, wheel Her down to *Scotland*, and when You come back, ſend to ſettle her Fortune with her Father: That's the modern Art of making Love, *Charles*.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE *a Room in the* Bull *and* Gate Inn.

Enter Sir Harry Beagle *and* Tom.

Sir *Har.* TEN Guineas a Mare, and a Crown to the Man? Hey *Tom!*

Tom. Yes, Sir!

Sir *H.* And are You ſure, *Tom*, that there is no Flaw in his Blood?

Tom. He's a good Thing, Sir, and as little beholden to the Ground, as ever went over the Turf upon four Legs. Why, here's his whole Pedigree, your Honour!

Sir *H.* Is it atteſted?

Tom. Very well atteſted: It is ſigned by *Jack Spur*, and my Lord *Startall*. [*Giving the Pedigree.*

Sir *H.* Let me ſee——[*Reading.*] *Tom come Tickle me*, was got out of the famous *Tantwivy* Mare, by Sir *Aaron Driver*'s Cheſnut Horſe *White Stockings*. *White Stockings* his Dam, was by Lord *Hedge*'s *South-Barb*, full

full Sister to the *Proſerpine Filly*, and his Sire *Tom Jones*; His Grandam was the *Iriſh Dutcheſs*, and his Grandſire 'Squire *Sportly*'s *Trajan*; His Great Grandam, and Great, Great, Grandam, were *Newmarket Peggy* and *Black Moll*, and his Great Grandſire, and Great, Great, Grandſire, were Sir *Ralph Whip*'s *Regulus*, and the famous Prince *Anamaboo*.

his
John X *Spur*,
Mark.
Startall.

Tom. All fine Horſes, and won every Thing! A Foal out of your Honour's *Bald-faced Venus*, by this Horſe, would beat the World.

Sir *H*. Well then, we'll think on't.——But pox on't, *Tom*, I have certainly knocked up my little roan Gelding, in this damned wild-gooſe Chaſe of threeſcore Miles an end.

Tom. He's deadly blown to be ſure, your Honour; and I am afraid we are upon a wrong Scent after all. Madam *Harriet* certainly took a-croſs the country, inſtead of coming on to *London*.

Sir *H*. No, no, We traced her all the way up——But d'ye hear, *Tom*, look out among the Stables and Repoſitories here in Town, for a ſmart road Nag, and a ſtrong Horſe to carry a Portmantua.

Tom. Sir *Roger Turf*'s Horſes are to be ſold——I'll ſee if there's ever a tight Thing there——But I ſuppoſe, Sir, You wou'd have one ſomewhat ſtronger than *Snip*—I don't think he is quite enough of a Horſe for your Honour.

Sir *H*. Not enough of a Horſe! *Snip*'s a powerful Gelding, Maſter of two Stone more than my Weight. If *Snip* ſtands ſound, I wou'd not take a hundred Guineas for him. Poor *Snip!* Go into the Stable, *Tom*——See they give him a warm Maſh, and look at his Heels and his Eyes.——But where's Mr. *Ruſſet* all this while?

Tom. I left the Squire at Breakfaſt on a cold Pigeon-Pye, and enquiring after Madam *Harriot* in the Kitchen ——I'll let him know your Honour wou'd be glad to ſee him here.

Sir *H*.

Sir *H.* Ay, do: But hark'ye, *Tom*, be ſure you take Care of *Snip*.

Tom. I'll warrant your Honour.

Sir *Har.* I'll be down in the Stables Myſelf by and by.

Exit Tom.

Sir Harry, *Solus.*

Let me ſee—Out of the famous *Tantwivy* by *White Stockings: White Stockings* his Dam, full Siſter to the *Proſerpine Filly*, and his Sire—Pox on't, how unlucky it is, that this damn'd Accident ſhou'd happen in the *Newmarket* Week!—Ten to one I loſe my Match with Lord *Cockjade*, by not riding myſelf, and I ſhall have no Opportunity to hedge my Bets neither——What a damned Piece of Work have I made on't!——I have knocked up poor *Snip*, ſhall loſe my Match, and as to *Harriot*, why, the Odds are that I loſe my Match there too—A ſkittiſh young Tit! If I once get her tight in hand, I'll make Her wince for it.——Her Eſtate joined to my own, I wou'd have the fineſt Stud, and nobleſt Kennel in the whole Country——But here comes her Father, puffing and blowing, like a broken-winded Horſe up Hill.

Enter Ruſſet.

Ruſ. Well, Sir *Harry*, have you heard any Thing of Her?

Sir *H.* Yes, I have been aſking *Tom* about Her, and He ſays You may have Her for Five Hundred Guineas.

Ruſ. Five Hundred Guineas! How d'ye mean? Where is She? Which Way did She take?

Sir *H.* Why, firſt She went to *Epſom*, then to *Lincoln*, then to *Nottingham*, and now She is at *York*.

Ruſ. Impoſſible! She cou'd not go over half the Ground in the Time——What the Devil are You talking of?

Sir *H.* Of the Mare You was juſt now ſaying You wanted to buy.

Ruſ. The Devil take the Mare!——Who wou'd think of Her, when I am mad about an Affair of ſo much more Conſequence?

Sir *H.* You ſeem'd mad about Her a little while ago. She's a fine Mare, and a Thing of Shape and Blood.

Ruſ.

Ruf. Damn her Blood!——*Harriot!* My dear provoking *Harriot!* Where can She be? Have You got any Intelligence of Her?

Sir *H.* No, Faith, not I: We ſeem to be quite thrown out here——But however, I have ordered *Tom* to try if He can hear any Thing of Her among the Oſtlers.

Ruf. Why don't You enquire after Her Yourſelf? Why don't You run up and down the whole Town after Her?——T'other young Raſcal knows where She is, I warrant you—What a Plague it is to have a Daughter! When one loves Her to Diſtraction, and has toil'd and labour'd to make Her happy, the ungrateful Slut will ſooner go to Hell her own Way——But She ſhall have Him——I will make Her happy, if I break her Heart for it——A provoking Gipſy!—To run away, and torment her poor Father, that doats on Her!—I'll never ſee her Face again—Sir *Harry*, how can we get any Intelligence of Her? Why don't You ſpeak? Why don't You tell Me?——Zouns! You ſeem as indifferent as if You did not care a Farthing about Her.

Sir *H.* Indifferent! You may well call me Indifferent—This damn'd Chace after her will coſt me a Thouſand—If it had not been for Her, I wou'd not have been off the Courſe this Week, to have ſaved the Lives of my whole Family——I'll hold You Six to Two that———

Ruf. Zouns! Hold your Tongue, or talk more to the Purpoſe—I ſwear, She is too good for You—You don't deſerve ſuch a Wife———A fine, dear, ſweet, lovely, charming Girl!——She'll break my Heart—How ſhall I find Her out?——Do prithee, Sir *Harry*, my dear honeſt Friend, conſider how We may diſcover where She is fled to.

Sir *H.* Suppoſe You put an Advertiſement into the News-Papers, deſcribing her Marks, her Age, her Height, and where She ſtray'd from. I recover'd a bay Mare once by that Method.

Ruf. Advertiſe Her!—What! Deſcribe my Daughter, and expoſe Her in the Publick Papers, with a Reward for bringing Her home, like Horſes, ſtolen or ſtray'd!—Recover'd a bay Mare!—the Devil's in the Fellow!——He thinks of nothing but Racers, and bay Mares, and Stallions.——'Sdeath! I wiſh your———

Sir *H.* I wiſh *Harriot* was fairly pounded, It wou'd ſave Us both a great deal of Trouble.

Ruſ. Which way ſhall I turn Myſelf?—I am half-diſtracted——If I go to that young Dog's Houſe, he has certainly conveyed her ſomewhere out of my Reach——If She does not ſend to Me To-day, I'll give Her up for ever——Perhaps though, She may have met with ſome Accident, and has nobody to aſſiſt Her.——No, She is certainly with that young Raſcal—I wiſh She was dead, and I was dead——I'll blow young *Oakly*'s Brains out.

Enter Tom.

Sir. *H.* Well, *Tom*, how is poor *Snip?*

Tom. A little better, Sir, after his warm Maſh: But *Lady*, the Pointing Bitch that followed You all the Way, is deadly Foot-ſore.

Ruſ. Damn *Snip* and *Lady!*——Have You heard any thing of *Harriot?*

Tom. Why I came on Purpoſe to let my Maſter and your Honour know, that *John* Oſtler ſays as how, juſt ſuch a Lady, as I told Him Madam *Harriot* was, came here in a four-wheel Chaiſe, and was fetched away ſoon after by a fine Lady in a Chariot.

Ruſ. Did She come alone?

Tom. Quite alone, only a Servant-Maid, pleaſe your Honour.

Ruſ. And what Part of the Town did They go to?

Tom. John Oſtler ſays, as how, They bid the Coachman drive to *Groſvenor* Square.

Sir *H.* Soho! Puſs——Yoics!

Ruſ. She is certainly gone to that young Rogue—He has got his Aunt to fetch Her from hence—Or elſe She is with her own Aunt, Lady *Freelove*—They both live in that Part of the Town. I'll go to his Houſe, and in the mean while, Sir *Harry*, You ſhall ſtep to Lady *Freelove*'s. We'll find Her, I warrant You. I'll teach my young Miſtreſs to be gadding. She ſhall marry You To night. Come along, Sir *Harry*, come along! We won't loſe a Minute. Come along!

Sir *H.* Soho! Hark forward! Wind 'em and croſs 'em! Hark forward! Yoics! Yoics! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Oakly's—*Mrs.* Oakly *ſola.*

Mrs. *Oak.* After all, that Letter was certainly intended for my Huſband. I ſee plain enough They are all in a Plot againſt Me. My Huſband intriguing, the Major working Him up to affront Me, *Charles* owning his Letters, and ſo playing into each other's Hands.——They think Me a Fool, I find—But I'll be too much for Them yet—I have deſired to ſpeak with Mr. *Oakly*, and expect Him here immediately. His Temper is naturally open, and if He thinks my Anger abated, and my Suſpicions laid aſleep, He will certainly betray Himſelf by his Behaviour. I'll aſſume an Air of Good-humour, pretend to believe the fine Story They have trumped up, throw Him off his Guard, and ſo draw the Secret out of Him. Here He comes. How hard it is to diſſemble one's Anger! O, I cou'd rate Him ſoundly! But I'll keep down my Indignation at preſent, though it choaks Me.

Enter Oakly.

O my Dear! I am very glad to ſee You. Pray ſit down [*They ſit.*] I longed to ſee You. It ſeemed an Age till I had an Opportunity of talking over the ſilly Affair that happened this Morning. [*Mildly.*

Oak. Why really, my Dear———

Mrs. *Oak.* Nay, don't look ſo grave now. Come—Its all over. *Charles* and You have cleared up Matters. I am ſatisfied.

Oak. Indeed! I rejoice to hear it. You make Me happy beyond my Expectation. This Diſpoſition will inſure our Felicity. Do but lay aſide your cruel unjuſt Suſpicion, and We ſhou'd never have the leaſt Difference.

Mrs. *Oak.* Indeed I begin to think ſo. I'll endeavour to get the better of it. And really ſometimes it is very ridiculous. My uneaſineſs this Morning, for Inſtance! ha! ha! ha! Was not I very angry with You? ha! ha! ha! [*Affecting a Laugh.*]

Oak. Don't mention it. Let Us both forget it. Your preſent Chearfulneſs makes amends for every thing.

Mrs. *Oak.* I am apt to be too violent:—I love You too well to be quite eaſy about You. [*Fondly.*]—Well—no Matter—What is become of *Charles?*

Oak. Poor Fellow! He is on the Wing, rambling all over the town in purſuit of this young Lady.

Mrs. *Oak.* Where is he gone, pray?

Oak. Firſt of all, I believe, to ſome of her Relations.

Mrs. *Oak.* Relations! Who are They? Where do They live?

Oak. There is an Aunt of Her's lives juſt in the Neighbourhood; Lady *Freelove.*

Mrs. *Oak.* Lady *Freelove!* Oho! Gone to Lady *Freelove's*, is He?—And do You think he will hear any thing of Her?

Oak. I don't know; but I hope ſo with all my Soul.

Mrs. *Oak.* Hope! with all your Soul! Do you hope ſo? [*Alarmed.*

Oak. Hope ſo! Yes—yes—Why don't you hope ſo? [*Surpriſed.*

Mrs. *Oak.* Well—Yes—[*Recovering.*]—O ay to be ſure. I hope it of all Things. You know, my Dear, it muſt give Me great Satisfaction, as well as Yourſelf, to ſee *Charles* well ſettled.

Oak. I ſhou'd think ſo; and really I don't know where He can be ſettled ſo well. She is a moſt deſerving young Woman, I aſſure You.

Mrs. *Oak.* You are well acquainted with Her then?

Oak. To be ſure, my Dear! After ſeeing Her ſo often laſt Summer, at the Major's Houſe in the Country, and at her Father's.

Mrs. *Oak.* So often!

Oak. O ay, very often—*Charles* took care of that—Almoſt every Day.

Mrs. *Oak.* Indeed! But pray—a—a—a I ſay,—a—a— [*Confuſed.*

Oak. What do You ſay? My Dear!

Mrs. *Oak.* I ſay—a—a [*Stammering.*] Is She handſome?

Oak. Prodigiouſly handſome indeed.

Mrs. *Oak.* Prodigiouſly handſome!———And is She reckoned a ſenſible Girl?

Oak.

Oak. A very ſenſible, modeſt, agreeable young Lady as ever I knew. You wou'd be extremely fond of Her, I am ſure. You can't imagine how happy I was in her company. Poor *Charles!* She ſoon made a Conqueſt of him, and no wonder. She has ſo many elegant Accompliſhments! ſuch an infinite Fund of Chearfulneſs and Good-humour! Why, She's the Darling of the whole Country.

Mrs. *Oak.* Lord! You ſeem quite in Raptures about Her.

Oak. Raptures!—Not at all. I was only telling You the young Lady's Character. I thought You wou'd be glad to find that *Charles* had made ſo ſenſible a Choice, and was ſo likely to be happy.

Mrs. *Oak.* O, *Charles!* True, as You ſay, *Charles* will be mighty happy.

Oak. Don't you think ſo?

Mrs. *Oak.* I am convinced of it. Poor *Charles!* I am much concerned for Him. He muſt be very uneaſy about her. I was thinking whether We cou'd be of any Service to Him in this Affair.

Oak. Was You? my Love! That is very good of You. Why, to be ſure, We muſt endeavour to aſſiſt him. Let Me ſee! how can We manage it? Gad! I have hit it. The luckieſt Thought! And it will be of great Service to *Charles.*

Mrs. *Oak.* Well, what is it; [*Eagerly.*]—You know I wou'd do any thing to ſerve *Charles,* and oblige You. [*Mildly.*

Oak. That is ſo kind! Lord, my Dear, if You wou'd but always conſider Things in this proper Light, and continue this amiable Temper, we ſhou'd be the happieſt People!——

Mrs. *Oak.* I believe ſo: But what's your Propoſal?

Oak. I am ſure You'll like it.—*Charles,* You know, may perhaps be ſo lucky as to meet with this Lady.——

Mrs. *Oak.* True.

Oak. Now I was thinking, that He might, with your Leave, my Dear———

Mrs. *Oak.* Well!

Oak. Bring Her home here———

Mrs. *Oak.* How!

Oak. Yes, bring Her home here, my Dear!——It will make poor *Charles* his Mind quite eaſy; and You may take her under your Protection, till her Father comes to Town.

Mrs. *Oak.* Amazing! This is even beyond my Expectation.

Oak. Why!—What!———

Mrs. *Oak.* Was there ever ſuch Aſſurance? Take Her under my Protection! What! Wou'd you keep Her under my Noſe?

Oak. Nay, I never conceived———I thought You wou'd have approv'd———

Mrs. *Oak.* What! make Me your convenient Woman!——No Place but my own Houſe to ſerve your Purpoſes?

Oak. Lord, this the ſtrangeſt Miſapprehenſion! I am quite aſtoniſhed.

Mrs. *Oak.* Aſtoniſhed? Yes—— confuſed, detected, betrayed by your vain Confidence of impoſing on Me. Why ſure You imagine Me an Idiot, a Driveller. *Charles*, indeed! Yes, *Charles* is a fine Excuſe for You. The Letter this Morning, the Letter, Mr. *Oakly!*

Oak. The Letter! Why ſure that——

Mrs. *Oak.* Is ſufficiently explained. You have made it very clear to Me. Now I am convinced. I have no Doubt of your Perfidy. But I thank You for ſome Hints You have given me, and You may be ſure I ſhall make Uſe of them: Nor will I reſt, till I have full Conviction, and overwhelm You with the ſtrongeſt Proofs of your Baſeneſs towards Me.

Oak. Nay but——

Mrs. *Oak.* Go, Go! I have no Doubt of your Falſehood: Away! [*Exit.*

Oakly, *ſolus.*

Was there ever any thing like this? Such unaccountable Behaviour! Angry I don't know why! Jealous of I know not what! Pretending to be ſatisfied merely to draw Me in, and then creating imaginary Proofs out of an innocent Converſation!———Hints!———Hints I have given her! What can ſhe mean?———

Toilet

Toilet *croſſing the Stage.*

Toilet! Where are you going?

Toil. To order the Porter to let in no Company to my Lady to-day. She won't ſee a ſingle Soul, Sir! [*Exit.*

Oak. What an unhappy Woman! Now will She ſit all Day feeding on her Suſpicions, till She has convinced Herſelf of the Truth of them.

John *croſſing the Stage.*

Well, Sir, what's your Buſineſs?

John. Going to order the Chariot, Sir!——My Lady's going out immediately. [*Exit.*

Oak. Going out! What is all this?——But every way She makes Me miſerable. Wild and ungovernable as the Sea or the Wind! Made up of Storms and Tempeſts! I can't bear it: And one way or other I *will* put an End to it. [*Exit.*

SCENE *Lady* Freelove's.

Enter Lady Freelove *with a Card*——Servant *following.*

L. *Free.* [*Reading as She enters*]——"And will take "the Liberty of waiting on her Ladyſhip *en Cavalier*, "as He comes from the Manége." Does any Body wait that brought this Card?

Serv. Lord *Trinket*'s Servant is in the Hall, Madam.

L. *Free.* My Compliments, and I ſhall be glad to ſee his Lordſhip——Where is Miſs *Ruſſet*?

Serv. In her own Chamber, Madam!

L. *Free.* What is She doing?

Serv. Writing, I believe, Madam.

L. *Free.* Oh! ridiculous!——Scribling to that *Oakly*, I ſuppoſe. [*Apart.*]——Let her know, I ſhou'd be glad of her Company here. [*Exit.* Servant.

Lady Freelove *ſola.*

It is a mighty troubleſome Thing to manage a ſimple Girl, that knows nothing of the World. *Harriot*, like all other Girls, is fooliſhly fond of this young Fellow of Her own chuſing, her firſt Love, that is to ſay, the firſt Man that is particularly civil, and the firſt Air of Conſequence which a young Lady gives Herſelf. Poor ſilly Soul!

Soul!——But *Oakly* muſt not have Her poſitively. A Match with Lord *Trinket* will add to the Dignity of the Family. I muſt bring her into it. I will throw Her into his Way as often as poſſible, and leave Him to make his Party good as faſt as He can. But here comes the Girl.

Enter Harriot.

Well! *Harriot*, ſtill in the Pouts! Nay, prithee, my dear little run-away Girl, be more chearful! Your everlaſting Melancholy puts one into the Vapours.

Har. Dear Madam, excuſe Me. How can I be chearful in my preſent Situation? I know my Father's Temper ſo well, that I am ſure this Step of mine muſt almoſt diſtract him. I ſometimes wiſh that I had remained in the Country, let what would have been the Conſequence.

L. *Free.* Why, it is a naughty Child, that's certain; but it need not be ſo uneaſy about Papa, as You know that I wrote by laſt Night's Poſt to acquaint Him that his little loſt Sheep was ſafe, and that You are ready to obey his Commands in every Particular, except marrying that Oaf, Sir *Harry Beagle*.——Lord! Lord! What a Difference there is between a Country and Town Education! Why a *London* Laſs wou'd have jumped out of a Window into a Gallant's Arms, and without thinking of her Father, unleſs it were to have drawn a few Bills on Him, been an hundred Miles off in nine or ten Hours, and perhaps out of the Kingdom in Twenty-four.

Har. I fear I have already been too precipitate. I tremble for the Conſequences.

L. *Free.* I ſwear, Child, You are a downright Prude. Your Way of talking gives Me the Spleen, ſo full of Affection, and Duty, and Virtue, its juſt like a Funeral Sermon. And yet, pretty Soul! It can love.——Well, I wonder at your Taſte; a ſneaking ſimple Gentleman! without a Title! And when to my Knowledge you might have a Man of Quality To-morrow.

Har. Perhaps ſo. Your Ladyſhip muſt excuſe Me, but many a Man of Quality wou'd make Me miſerable.

L. *Free.* Indeed, my Dear, theſe antediluvian Notions will never do now a-days; and at the ſame Time too, thoſe

thoſe little wicked Eyes of Yours ſpeak a very different Language. Indeed You have fine Eyes, Child! and they have made fine Work with Lord *Trinket*.

Har. Lord *Trinket!* [*Contemptuouſly.*

L. *Free.* Yes, Lord *Trinket:* You know it, as well as I do, and yet, you ill-natured Thing, You will not vouchſafe Him a ſingle Smile. But You muſt give the poor Soul a little Encouragement, prithee do.

Har. Indeed I can't, Madam, for of all Mankind Lord *Trinket* is my Averſion.

L. *Free.* Averſion! Lord! Child, who ever heard of Averſions in the Country? Beſides Lord *Trinket* is counted a well-bred, ſenſible, young Fellow, and the Women all think Him handſome.

Har. Yes, He is juſt polite enough to be able to be very unmannerly with a great deal of good Breeding, is juſt handſome enough to make Him moſt exceſſively vain of his Perſon, and has juſt Reflection enough to finiſh him for a Coxcomb; Qualifications, which are all very common among thoſe whom your Ladyſhip calls Men of Quality.

L. *Free.* A Satireſt too! Indeed, my Dear, this Affectation ſits very aukwardly upon You. There will be a Superiority in the Behaviour of Perſons of Faſhion.

Har. A Superiority, indeed! For his Lordſhip always behaves with ſo much inſolent Familiarity, that I ſhou'd always imagine He was ſolliciting Me for other Favours, rather than to paſs my whole Life with Him.

L. *Free.* Innocent Freedoms, Child, which every fine Woman expects to be taken with Her, as an Acknowledgment of her Beauty.

Har. They are Freedoms, which, I think, no innocent Woman can allow.

L. *Free.* Romantick to the laſt Degree!——Why, You are in the Country, ſtill, *Harriot!*

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord *Trinket*, Madam! [*Exit* Servant.

L. *Free.* I ſwear now I have a good Mind to tell Him all You have ſaid.

Enter

Enter Lord Trinket, *in Boots*, &c. *as from the Riding-Houſe.*

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient humble Servant.

L. *Trink.* Your Ladyſhip does Me too much Honour. Here I am *en bottine* as you ſee———juſt come from the Manége. Miſs *Ruſſet*, I am your Slave. I declare it makes Me quite happy to find You together. 'Pon Honour, Ma'am [*to* Harriot.] I begin to conceive great Hopes of You; and as for You, Lady *Freelove*, I cannot ſufficiently commend your Aſſiduity with your fair Pupil. She was before poſſeſt of every Grace that Nature could beſtow on Her, and No body is ſo well qualified as your Ladyſhip, to give Her the *Bon Ton*.

Har. Compliment and Contempt all in a Breath! My Lord, I am obliged to You. But waving my Acknowledgments, give Me Leave to aſk your Lordſhip, whether Nature and the *Bon Ton* (as you call it) are ſo different, that We muſt give up one in order to obtain the other?

L. *Trink.* Totally oppoſite, Madam. The chief Aim of the *Bon Ton* is to render Perſons of Family different from the Vulgar, for whom indeed Nature ſerves very well. For this Reaſon it has, at various Times, been ungenteel to ſee, to hear, to walk, to be in good Health, and to have twenty other horrible Perfections of Nature. Nature indeed may do very well ſometimes. It made You, for Inſtance, and it then made ſomething very lovely, and if You wou'd ſuffer Us of Quality to give You the *Ton*, You wou'd be abſolutely divine: But now —Me—Madam—Me—Nature never made ſuch a Thing as Me.

Har. Why, indeed, I think, your Lordſhip has very few Obligations to Her.

L. *Trink.* Then You really think it's all my own? I declare now that is a mighty genteel Compliment. Nay, if you begin to flatter already, you improve a-pace. 'Pon Honour, Lady *Freelove*, I believe We ſhall make ſomething of Her at laſt.

L. *Free.* No Doubt on't. It is in your Lordſhip's Power to make Her a complete Woman of Faſhion at once.

L. *Trink.*

L. *Trink.* Hum! Why ay———

Har. Your Lordſhip muſt excuſe Me. I am of a very taſteleſs Diſpoſition. I ſhall never bear to be carried out of Nature.

L. *Free.* You are out of Nature now, *Harriot!* I am ſure no Woman but Yourſelf, ever objected to being carried among Perſons of Quality. Wou'd You believe it? My Lord! Here has She been a whole Week in Town, and wou'd never ſuffer Me to introduce Her to a Route, an Aſſembly, a Concert, or even to Court, or to the Opera; nay, wou'd hardly ſo much as mix with a living Soul that has viſited Me.

L. *Trink.* No Wonder, Madam, You do not adopt the Manners of Perſons of Faſhion, when You will not even honour them with your Company. Were You to make one in our little *Coteries*, We ſhou'd ſoon make You ſick of the Boors and Bumkins of the horrid Country. By the bye, I met a Monſter at the Riding-Houſe this Morning, who gave me ſome Intelligence, that will ſurprize You, concerning your Family.

Har. What Intelligence?

L. *Free.* Who was this Monſter, as your Lordſhip calls him? a Curioſity, I dare ſay.

L. *Trink.* This Monſter, Madam, was formerly my head Groom, and had the Care of all my running Horſes; but growing moſt abominably ſurly and extravagant, as you know all thoſe Fellows do, I turned him off; and ever ſince my Brother *Slouch Trinket* has had the Care of my Stud, rides all my principal Matches himſelf, and—

Har. Dear my Lord, don't talk of your Groom and your Brother, but tell Me the News. Do you know any thing of my Father?

L. *Trink.* Your Father, Madam, is now in Town. This Fellow, you muſt know, is now Groom to Sir *Harry Beagle*, your ſweet rural Swain, and informed Me, that his Maſter, and your Father, were running all over the Town in Queſt of You; and that He himſelf had Orders to enquire after You; for which Reaſon, I ſuppoſe, He came to the Riding-Houſe Stables to look after a Horſe, thinking it, to be ſure, a very likely Place to meet You. Your Father perhaps is gone to ſeek You at the *Tower*, or, *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, which is all the Idea

Idea he has of *London*; and your faithful Lover is probably cheapening a Hunter, and drinking ſtrong Beer, at the *Horſe* and *Jockey* in *Smithfield*.

L. *Free* The whole Set admirably diſpoſed of!

Har. Did not your Lordſhip inform him where I was?

L. *Trink.* Not I, 'pon Honour, Madam: That I left to their own Ingenuity to diſcover.

L. *Free.* And pray, my Lord, where in this Town have this polite Company beſtowed Themſelves?

L. *Trink.* They lodge, Madam, of all Places in the World, at the *Bull and Gate Inn* in *Holborn*.

L. *Free.* Ha! ha! ha! The *Bull and Gate!* Incomparable! What, have They brought any Hay or Cattle to Town?

L. *Trink.* Very well, Lady *Freelove*, very well indeed!——There They are like ſo many Graziers! and there, it ſeems, They have learnt that this Lady is certainly in *London*.

Har. Do, dear Madam, ſend a Card directly to my Father, informing Him where I am, and that your Ladyſhip wou'd be glad to ſee Him here. For my Part, I dare not venture into his Preſence, till You have in ſome Meaſure pacified Him; but for Heaven's Sake deſire Him not to bring that wretched Fellow along with Him.

L. *Trink.* Wretched Fellow! Oh! *Courage*, Milor *Trinket!* [*Aſide.*]

L. *Free.* I'll ſend immediately. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. [*Apart to* L. Freelove.] Sir *Harry Beagle* is below, Madam.

L. *Free.* [*Apart to the* Servant.] I am not at Home.—Have they let Him in?

Serv. Yes, Madam.

L. *Free.* How abominably unlucky this is! Well, then ſhew Him into my Dreſſing-Room. I will come to Him there. [*Exit* Servant.

L. *Trink.* Lady *Freelove!* No Engagement, I hope. We won't part with You, 'pon Honour.

L. *Free.* The worſt Engagement in the World. A Pair of muſty old Prudes! Lady *Formal* and Miſs *Prate*.

L. *Trink.*

L. *Trink.* O the Beldams! As naufeous as *Ipecacuanha*, 'pon Honour.

L. *Free.* Lud! lud! What ſhall I do with Them? Why do theſe fooliſh Women come troubling me now? I muſt wait on Them in the Dreſſing-Room, and You muſt excuſe the Card, *Harriot*, till they are gone. I'll diſpatch Them as ſoon as I can, but Heaven knows when I ſhall get rid of them, for they are both everlaſting Goſſips; tho' the Words come from her Ladyſhip, one by one, like Drops from a Still, while the other tireſome Woman overwhelms Us with a Flood of Impertinence. *Harriot*, You'll entertain his Lordſhip till I return. [*Exit.*

L. *Trink.* 'Pon Honour, I am not ſorry for the coming in of theſe old Tabbies, and am much obliged to her Ladyſhip for leaving us ſuch an agreeable *Tete-a-Tete.*

Har. Your Lordſhip will find Me extremely bad Company.

L. *Trink.* Not in the leaſt, my Dear! We'll entertain Ourſelves one Way or other, I'll warrant You.—'Egad! I think it a mighty good Opportunity to eſtabliſh a better Acquaintance with you.

Har. I don't underſtand you.

L. *Trink.* No?—Why then I'll ſpeak plainer.—[*Pauſing and looking her full in the Face.*] You are a damn'd fine Piece, 'pon Honour!

Har. Sir!——How!

L. *Trink.* O, Ma'am, I'll ſhow you how.

Har. If this be your Lordſhip's polite Converſation, I ſhall leave you to amuſe yourſelf in Soliloquy. [*Going.*]

L. *Trink.* No, no, no, Madam, that muſt not be. [*Stopping her.*] This Place, that Chamber, the Opportunity, all conſpire to make me happy, and you muſt not deny me.

Har. How, Sir! You don't intend to do me any Violence.

L. *Trink.* 'Pon Honour, Ma'am, it will be doing great Violence to myſelf, if I do not. You muſt excuſe me. [*Struggling with her.*

Har. Help! help! Murder! help!

L. *Trink.* Your Yelping will ſignify nothing, No-body will come. [*Struggling.*]

Har. For Heaven's Sake!—Sir! My Lord!—[*Noiſe within.*]

L. *Trink.* Pox on't, what Noiſe?——Then I muſt be quick. [*Still ſtruggling.*]

Har. Help! Murder! help! help!

Enter Charles, *haſtily.*

Char. What do I hear? My *Harriot*'s Voice calling for Help? Ha! *(Seeing them.)* Is it poſſible? Turn, Ruffian!——I'll find you Employment. [*Drawing.*

L. *Trink.* You are a moſt impertinent Scoundrel, and I'll whip you thro' the Lungs, 'pon Honour. [*They fight,* Harriot *runs out ſcreaming help!* &c. *Then*

Enter Lady Freelove, *Sir* Harry Beagle, *and Servants.*

L. *Free.* How's this?—Swords drawn in my Houſe!—Part them!—[*They are parted.*] This is the moſt impudent Thing.

L. *Trink.* Well, Raſcal, I ſhall find a Time. I know you, Sir!

Char. The ſooner the better: I know your Lordſhip too.

Sir *Har.* 'Ifaith, Madam, [*To* L. *Freelove.*] We had like to have been in at the Death.

L. *Free.* What is all this? Pray, Sir, what is the Meaning of your coming hither, to raiſe this Diſturbance? Do you take my Houſe for a Brothel? [*To* Charles.

Char. Not I, indeed, Madam! But I believe his Lordſhip does.

L. *Trink.* Impudent Scoundrel!

L. *Free.* Your Converſation, Sir, is as inſolent as your Behaviour. Who are you? What brought you here?

Char. I am one, Madam, always ready to draw my Sword in Defence of Innocence in Diſtreſs, and more eſpecially in the Cauſe of that Lady I delivered from his Lordſhip's Fury; in Search of whom I troubled your Ladyſhip's Houſe.

L. *Free.* Her Lover, I ſuppoſe, or Bully, or what?

Char. At your Ladyſhip's Service; tho' not quite ſo violent in my Paſſion as his Lordſhip there.

L. *Trink.* Impertinent Raſcal!

L. *Free.* You ſhall be made to repent of this Inſolence.

L. *Trink.* Your Ladyſhip may leave that to Me.

Char.

Char. Ha! ha!

Sir *Har.* But pray what is become of the Lady all this while? Why, Lady *Freelove*, You told Me She was not here, and, 'Ifaith, I was juſt drawing off another Way, if I had not heard the View-Hollow.

L. *Free.* You ſhall ſee her immediately, Sir! Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Where is Miſs *Harriot*?

Serv. Gone out! Madam.

L. *Free.* Gone out! Where?

Serv. I don't know, Madam: But ſhe ran down the Back-Stairs crying for Help, croſſed the Servants Hall in Tears, and took a Chair at the Door.

L. *Free.* Blockheads! To let her go out in a Chair alone!—Go, and enquire after Her immediately.

[*Exit* Servant.

Sir *Har.* Gone! What a pox had I juſt run her down, and is the little Puſs ſtole away at laſt?

L. *Free.* Sir, if You will walk in [*To Sir* Har.] with his Lordſhip and Me, perhaps You may hear ſome Tidings of her; tho' it is moſt probable ſhe may be gone to her Father. I don't know any other Friends She has in Town.

Char. I am heartily glad She is gone. She is ſafer any where than in this Houſe.

L. *Free.* Mighty well! Sir.—My Lord! Sir *Harry!*—I attend You.

L. *Trink.* You ſhall hear from Me, Sir! [*To* Char.

Char. Very well, my Lord!

Sir *Har.* Stole away! Pox on't—ſtole away.

[*Exeunt Sir* Har. *and L.* Trink.

Manent Charles *and Lady* Freelove.

L. *Free.* Before I follow the Company, give me Leave to tell You, Sir, that your Behaviour here has been ſo extraordinary——

Char. My Treatment here, Madam, has indeed been very extraordinary.

L. *Free.* Indeed!—Well—No Matter—Permit me to acquaint You, Sir, that there lies your Way out, and that the greateſt Favour You can do me, is to leave the Houſe immediately.

Char. That your Ladyſhip may depend on. Since you have put Miſs *Ruffet* to flight, you may be ſure of not being troubled with my Company. I'll after her immediately—I can't reſt till I know what is become of Her.

L. *Free.* If She has any Regard for her Reputation, She'll never put Herſelf into ſuch Hands as your's.

Char. O, Madam, there can be no Doubt of her Regard to that, by Her leaving your Ladyſhip.

L. *Free.* Inſolent Monſter!

Char. Poor Lady!

L. *Free.* Begone this Moment.

Char. Immediately——My dear *Harriot!* Wou'd I cou'd have ſpoken with Her!—But She was in Danger, and I delivered Her.—That's Comfort ſtill—and yet—

L. *Free.* Leave my Houſe.

Char. Directly.——A charming Houſe! And a charming Lady of the Houſe too! Ha! ha!

L. *Free.* Vulgar Fellow!

Char. Fine Lady! [*Exeunt* ſeverally.

ACT III.

SCENE *Lady* Freelove's.

Enter Lady Freelove, *and Lord* Trinket.

L. *Trink.* *Doucement, Doucement*, my dear Lady *Freelove!*—Excuſe me! I meant no Harm 'pon Honour.

L. *Free.* Indeed, indeed, my Lord *Trinket*, this is abſolutely intolerable. What! to offer Rudeneſs to a young Lady in my Houſe! What will the World ſay of it?

L. *Trink.* Juſt what the World pleaſes.——It does not ſignify a Doit what They ſay.—However I aſk Pardon, but 'Egad I thought it was the beſt Way.

L. *Free.* For Shame, for Shame, my Lord! I am quite hurt at your want of Diſcretion.

L. *Trink.* 'Pon Honour, now, I am always for taking Them by a *Coup de main.* I never knew it fail before.

L. *Free.*

L. *Free.* Leave the whole Conduct of this Affair to Me, or I'll have done with it at once. How ſtrangely You have acted! There I went out of the way on purpoſe to ſerve You, by keeping off that Looby Sir *Harry Beagle*, and preventing Him or her Father, from ſeeing the Girl, till We had ſome Chance of managing Her Ourſelves.—And then You choſe to make a Diſturbance, and ſpoilt all.

L. *Trink.* Devil take Sir *Harry*, and t'other Scoundrel too!—That they ſhou'd come driving hither juſt at ſo critical an Inſtant!—And that the wild little Thing ſhou'd take Wing, and fly away the Lord knows whither!

L. *Free.* Ay! And there again You was indiſcreet paſt Redemption.—To let her know that her Father was in Town, and where He was to be found too! For there I am confident She muſt be gone, as She is not acquainted with one Creature in *London*.

L. *Trink.* Why a Father is in theſe Caſes the *Pis-aller* I muſt confeſs. 'Pon Honour, Lady *Freelove*, I can ſcarce believe this obſtinate Girl a Relation of Yours. Such narrow Notions! I'll ſwear, there's leſs Trouble in getting ten Women of the *Premiere Volee*, than in conquering the Scruples of a ſilly Girl in that Stile of Life.

L. *Free.* Come, come, my Lord, a Truce with your Reflections on my Niece! Let Us conſider what is beſt to be done.

L. *Trink.* E'en juſt what your Ladyſhip thinks proper, ——For my Part I am entirely *derangee*.

L. *Free.* Will You ſubmit to be governed by Me then?

L. *Trink.* I'll be all Obedience—your Ladyſhip's Slave, 'pon Honour.

L. *Free.* Why then, as this is rather an ugly Affair in regard to Me, as well as your Lordſhip, and may make ſome Noiſe, I think it abſolutely neceſſary, merely to ſave Appearances, that You ſhou'd wait on her Father, palliate Matters as well as you can, and make a formal Repetition of your Propoſal of Marriage.

L. *Trink.* Your Ladyſhip's perfectly in the right.—— You are quite *au fait* of the Affair. It ſhall be done immediately, and then your Reputation will be ſafe, and my Conduct juſtified to all the World.——But ſhould the old Ruſtick continue as ſtubborn as his Daughter, your

Ladyſhip, I hope, has no Objections to my being a little *ruſe*, for I muſt have Her, 'pon Honour.

L. *Free.* Not in the leaſt.

L. *Trink.* Or if a good Opportunity ſhou'd offer, and the Girl ſhould be ſtill untractable———

L. *Free.* Do what You will, I waſh my Hands of it. She's out of my Care now, You know.—— But you muſt beware of your Rivals. One, You know, is in the Houſe with Her, and the Other will loſe no Opportunities of getting to Her.

L. *Trink.* As to the fighting Gentleman, I ſhall cut out Work for Him in his own Way. I'll ſend Him a *petit Billet* to morrow Morning, and then there can be no great Difficulty in outwitting her Bumkin Father, and the Baronet.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Captain *O Cutter* to wait on your Ladyſhip.

L. *Free.* O the hideous Fellow! The *Iriſh* Sailor-Man, for whom I prevailed on your Lordſhip to get the Poſt of a Regulating Captain. I ſuppoſe He is come to load Me with his odious Thanks. I won't be troubled with Him now.

L. *Trink.* Let him in by all Means. He is the beſt Creature to laugh at in Nature. He is a perfect Sea-Monſter, and always looks and talks as if He was upon Deck. Beſides, a Thought ſtrikes me—He may be of Uſe.

L. *Free.* Well—ſend the Creature up then.

[*Exit* Servant.

But what fine Thought is this?

L. *Trink.* A *Coup de maitre* 'pon Honour! I intend—but huſh! Here the Porpus comes.

Enter Captain O Cutter.

L. *Free.* Captain, your Humble Servant! I am very glad to ſee you.

O Cut. I am much obliged to you, my Lady! Upon my Conſcience, the Wind favours Me at all Points. I have no ſooner got under Way to thank your Ladyſhip, but I have born down upon my noble Friend his Lordſhip too. I hope your Lordſhip's well.

L. *Trink.* Very well, I thank you, Captain!——But you

you ſeem to be hurt in the Service: What is the Meaning of that Patch over your right Eye?

O Cut. Some advanced Wages from my new Poſt, my Lord! This Preſſing is hot Work, tho' it entitles Us to no Smart money.

L. *Free.* And pray in what perilous Adventure did you get that Scar, Captain!

O Cut. Quite out of my Element, indeed my Lady! I got it in an Engagement by Land. A Day or two ago I ſpied three ſtout Fellows belonging to a Merchant-man. They made down *Wapping*. I immadiately gave my Lads the ſignal to chaſe, and We bore down right upon Them. They tacked, and lay to. We gave Them a tundering Broadſide, which They reſaved like Men; and one of Them made uſe of ſmall Arms, which carried off the weathermoſt Corner of *Ned Gage*'s Hat; ſo I immadiately ſtood in with Him, and raked Him, but reſaved a Wound on my ſtarboard Eye from the Stock of the Piſtol. However, We took Them all, and They now lie under the Hatches, with Fifty more, a-board a Tender off the *Tower*.

L. *Trink.* Well done, noble Captain!—But however You will ſoon have better Employment, for I think the next Step to your preſent Poſt, is commonly a Ship.

O Cut. The ſooner the better, my Lord! Honeſt *Terence O Cutter* ſhall never flinch, I warrant You; and has as much Seen-Sarvice as any Man in the Navy.

L. *Trink.* You may depend on my good Offices, Captain!—But in the mean Time it is in your Power to do me a Favour.

O Cut. A Favour! My Lord! Your Lordſhip does Me Honour. I wou'd go round the World, from one End to the other, by Day or Night, to ſarve your Lordſhip, or my good Lady here.

L. *Trink.* Dear Madam, the luckieſt Thought in Nature! [*Apart to* L. *Free.*]——The Favour I have to aſk of you, Captain, need not carry you ſo far out of your Way. The whole Affair is, that there are a Couple of impudent Fellows at an Inn in *Holborn*, who have affronted Me, and you wou'd oblige Me infinitely, by preſſing Them into his Majeſty's Service.

L. *Free.* Now I underſtand you.——Admirable!

[*Apart to* L. Trink *O Cut.*

O Cut. With all my Heart, my Lord, and tank you too, fait. But, by the bye, I hope they are not Houſe-keepers, or Freemen of the City. There's the Devil to pay in meddling with Them. They boder One ſo about Liberty and Property, and Stuff. It was but t'other Day that *Jack Trouſer* was carried before my Lord Mayor, and loſt above a Twelvemonth's Pay, for noting at-all—at-all.

L. *Trink.* I'll take Care you ſhall be brought into no Trouble. Theſe Fellows were formerly my Grooms. If you'll call on Me in the Morning, I'll go with you to the Place.

O Cut. I'll be with your Lordſhip, and bring with Me Four or Five as pretty Boys as you'd wiſh to clap your two luking Eyes upon of a Summer's Day.

L. *Trink.* I am much obliged to you. But, Captain, I have another little Favour to beg of you.

O Cut. Upon my Shoul, and I'll do it.

L. *Trink.* What, before you know it?

O Cut. Fore and Aft, my Lord!

L. *Trink.* A Gentleman has offended me in a Point of Honour——

O Cut. Cut his Troat.

L. *Trink.* Will you carry him a Letter from me?

O Cut. Indeed and I will: And I'll take you in Tow too, and You ſhall engage Him Yard-arm and Yard-arm.

L. *Trink.* Why then, Captain, you'll come a little earlier To-morrow Morning than you propoſed, that you may attend Him with my *Billet*, before you proceed on the other Affair.

O Cut. Never fear it, my Lord!——Your Servant—My Ladyſhip, your humble Servant!

L. *Free.* Captain, yours! Pray give my Service to my Friend Mrs. *O Cutter.* How does She do?

O Cut. I tank your Ladyſhip's Axing——The dear Creature is purely tight and well.

L. *Trink.* How many Children have you? Captain.

O Cut. Four, and pleaſe your Lordſhip, and another upon the Stocks.

L. *Trink.* When it is launched, I hope to be at the Chriſtening. I'll ſtand Godfather, Captain!

O Cut.

O Cut. Your Lordſhip's very good.

L. *Trink.* Well, you'll come To-morrow.

O Cut. O, I'll not fail, my Lord! Little *Terence O Cutter* never fails, ſait, when a Troat is to be cut. [*Exit.*

L. *Free.* Ha! ha! ha! But ſure You don't intend to ſhip off both her Father and her country Lover for the *Indies?*

L. *Trink.* O no! Only let Them contemplate the Inſide of a Ship for a Day or two.

L. *Free.* Well, but after all, my Lord, this is a very bold Undertaking. I don't think You'll be able to put it in Practice.

L. *Trink.* Nothing ſo eaſy, 'pon Honour. To preſs a Gentleman——a Man of Quality —— one of Us——— wou'd not be ſo eaſy, I grant You. But theſe Fellows, You know, have not half ſo decent an Appearance as one of my Footmen: And from their Behaviour, Converſation, and Dreſs, it is very poſſible to miſtake them for Grooms and Oſtlers.

L. *Free.* There may be ſomething in that indeed. But what Uſe do you propoſe to make of this Stratagem?

L. *Trink.* Every Uſe in Nature. This Artifice muſt at leaſt take them out of the Way for ſome Time, and in the mean while Meaſures may be concerted to carry off the Girl.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. *Oakly*, Madam, is at the Door, in her Chariot, and deſires to have the Honour of ſpeaking to your Ladyſhip on particular Buſineſs.

L. *Trink.* Mrs. *Oakly!* What can that jealous pated Woman want with You?

L. *Free.* No Matter what.——I hate her mortally—Let her in.

[*Exit* Servant.

L. *Trink.* What Wind blows Her hither?

L. *Free.* A Wind that muſt blow us ſome Good.

L. *Trink.* How?—I was amazed You choſe to ſee her.

L. *Free.* How can You be ſo ſlow of Apprehenſion? —She comes, You may be ſure, on ſome Occaſion relating

ing to this Girl: In Order to aſſiſt young *Oakly*, perhaps, to ſooth me, and gain Intelligence, and ſo forward the Match; but I'll forbid the Banns, I warrant You.——— Whatever ſhe wants, I'll draw ſome ſweet Miſchief out of it.—But away! away!—I think I hear her——Slip down the Back-Stairs——or ſtay, now I think on't, go out this Way,—meet Her.—and be ſure to make Her a very reſpectful Bow, as You go out.

L. *Trink.* Huſh! Here ſhe is.

Enter Mrs. Oakly.

L. Trinket [*bows, and exit.*]

Mrs. *Oak.* I beg Pardon for giving your Ladyſhip this Trouble.

L. *Free.* I am always glad of the Honour of ſeeing Mrs. *Oakly.*

Mrs. *Oak.* There is a Letter, Madam, juſt come from the Country, which has occaſioned ſome Alarm in our Family. It comes from Mr. *Ruſſet*———

L. *Free.* Mr. *Ruſſet!*

Mrs. *Oak.* Yes, from Mr. *Ruſſet*, Madam! And is chiefly concerning his Daughter. As ſhe has the Honour of being related to your Ladyſhip, I took the Liberty of waiting on You.

L. *Free.* She is indeed, as you ſay, Madam, a Relation of mine; but after what has happened, I ſcarce know how to acknowledge Her.

Mrs. *Oak.* Has She been ſo much to blame then?

L. *Free.* So much? Madam!—Only judge for Yourſelf.—Tho' She had been ſo indiſcreet, not to ſay indecent in her Conduct, as to elope from her Father, I was in Hopes to have huſhed up that Matter, for the Honour of our Family——But She has run away from me too, Madam!—Went off in the moſt abrupt Manner, not an Hour ago.

Mrs. *Oak.* You ſurpriſe me. Indeed her Father, by his Letter, ſeems apprehenſive of the worſt Conſequences.—But does your Ladyſhip imagine any Harm has happened?

L. *Free.* I can't tell———I hope not———But indeed She is a ſtrange Girl. You know, Madam, young Women can't be too cautious in their Conduct. She is, I am ſorry to declare it, a very dangerous Perſon to take into a Family.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Oak.* Indeed! [*Alarmed.*]

L. *Free.* If I was to ſay all I know!

Mrs. *Oak.* Why ſure your Ladyſhip knows of nothing that has been carried on clandeſtinely, between Her and Mr. *Oakly.* [*In Diſorder.*]

L. *Free.* Mr. *Oakly!*

Mrs. *Oak.* Mr *Oakly*——no, not Mr. *Oakly*——— that is, not my Huſband———I don't mean Him——— not Him—but his Nephew—young Mr. *Oakly.*

L. *Free.* Jealous of her Huſband!——So! ſo! Now I know my Game. [*Aſide.*]

Mrs. *Oak.* But pray, Madam, give Me Leave to aſk, was there any Thing very particular in her Conduct, while ſhe was in your Ladyſhip's Houſe?

L. *Free.* Why really, conſidering She was here ſcarce a Week, her Behaviour was rather myſterious; Letters and Meſſages, to and fro, between Her and I don't know who———I ſuppoſe You know that Mr. *Oakly*'s Nephew has been here, Madam!

Mrs. *Oak.* I was not ſure of it. He has been to wait on your Ladyſhip already on this Occaſion?

L. *Free.* To wait on Me!———The Expreſſion is much too polite for the Nature of his Viſit.——— My Lord *Trinket*, the Nobleman whom You met as You came in, had, You muſt know, Madam, ſome Thoughts of my Niece, and as it wou'd have been an advantageous Match, I was glad of it; but I believe, after what He has been Witneſs to this Morning, he will drop all Thoughts of it.

Mrs. *Oak.* I am ſorry that any Relation of Mine ſhou'd ſo far forget Himſelf.———

L. *Free.* It's no Matter———his Behaviour indeed, as well as the young Lady's, was pretty extraordinary. ——And yet after all, I don't believe He is the Object of her Affections.

Mrs. *Oak.* Ha! [*Much alarmed.*]

L. *Free.* She has certainly an Attachment ſomewhere, a ſtrong One; but his Lordſhip, who was preſent all the Time, was convinced, as well as Myſelf, that Mr. *Oakly*'s Nephew was rather a convenient Friend, a kind of Go-between, than the Lover.———Bleſs Me, Madam, You

You change Colour! You ſeem uneaſy: What's the Matter?

Mrs. *Oak.* Nothing,——Madam——Nothing.——A little ſhocked that my Huſband ſhou'd behave ſo.

L. *Free.* Your Huſband! Madam.

Mrs. *Oak.* His Nephew, I mean,——His unpardonable Rudeneſs——But I am not well——I am ſorry I have given your Ladyſhip ſo much Trouble——I'll take my Leave.

L. *Free.* I declare, Madam, You frighten Me. Your being ſo viſibly affected, makes Me quite uneaſy: I hope I have not ſaid any Thing——I really don't believe your Huſband is in Fault. Men, to be ſure, allow themſelves ſtrange Liberties. But I think, nay I am ſure, it cannot be ſo. It is impoſſible. Don't let what I have ſaid, have any Effect on You!

Mrs. *Oak.* No, it has not——I have no Idea of ſuch a Thing——Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient——[*Going, Returns*]——But ſure, Madam, You have not heard, or don't know any Thing.

L. *Free.* Come, come, Mrs. *Oakly*, I ſee how it is, and it wou'd not be kind to ſay all I know. I dare not tell You what I have heard. Only, be on your Guard! There can be no Harm in that. Do you be againſt giving the Girl any Countenance, and ſee what Effect it has.

Mrs. *Oak.* I will—I am much obliged—But does it appear to your Ladyſhip then that Mr. *Oakly*——

L. *Free.* No, not at all—Nothing in't, I dare ſay.——I wou'd not create Uneaſineſs in a Family—But I am a Woman myſelf, have been married, and can't help feeling for You.—But don't be uneaſy, there's nothing in't, I dare ſay.

Mrs. *Oak.* I think ſo.—Your Ladyſhip's humble Servant!

L. *Free.* Your Servant, Madam!—Pray, don't be alarmed, I muſt inſiſt on your not making Yourſelf uneaſy.

Mrs. *Oak.* Not at all alarmed—not in the leaſt uneaſy—Your moſt obedient! [*Exit.*]

L. *Free* Ha! ha! ha! There She goes, brimfull of Anger and Jealouſy, to vent it all on her Huſband. Mercy on the poor Man!

Enter

Enter Lord Trinket.

Bleſs Me! my Lord, I thought You was gone.

L. *Trink.* Only into the next Room. My Curioſity wou'd not let me ſtir a Step further. I heard it all, and was never more diverted in my Life, 'pon Honour. Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Free.* How the ſilly Creature took it! Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Trink.* Ha! ha! ha!——My dear Lady *Freelove*, You have a deal of Ingenuity, a deal of *Eſprit*, 'pon Honour.

L. *Free.* A little Shell thrown into the Enemy's Works, that's all.

Both. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

L. *Free.* But I muſt leave You. I have twenty Viſits to pay. You'll let Me know how You ſucceed in your ſecret Expedition.

L. *Trink.* That You may depend on.

L. *Free.* Remember then that To-morrow Morning I expect to ſee You.——At preſent your Lordſhip will excuſe me.——Who's there? [*Calling to the Servants.*] Send *Epingle* into my Dreſſing-Room. [*Exit.*

Lord Trinket *Solus.*

L. *Trink.* So!——If *'O Cutter* and his Myrmidons are alert, I think I can't fail of Succeſs, and then *prenez garde*, Mademoiſelle *Harriot!*——This is one of the drolleſt Circumſtances in Nature.——Here is my Lady *Freelove*, a Woman of Senſe, a Woman that knows the World too, aſſiſting Me in this Deſign. I never knew her Ladyſhip ſo much out. How, in the Name of Wonder, can She imagine, that a Man of Quality, or any Man elſe 'egad, wou'd marry a fine Girl, after—Not I, 'pon Honour. No—no—When I have had the *Entamure*, let who will take the reſt of the Loaf.

SCENE *changes to* Mr. Oakly's.——*Enter* Harriot *following a Servant.*

Har. Not at home!——Are You ſure that Mrs. *Oakly* is not at home, Sir?——

Serv. She is juſt gone out, Madam.

Har. I have ſomething of Conſequence——If You will give me Leave, Sir, I will wait till She returns.

Serv. You wou'd not ſee her, if You did, Madam. She has given poſitive Orders not to be interrupted with any Company To-day.

Har. Sure, Sir, if You was to let her know that I had particular Buſineſs———

Serv. I ſhou'd not dare to trouble Her indeed, Madam.

Har. How unfortunate this is! What can I do?—Pray, Sir, can I ſee Mr. *Oakly* then?

Serv. Yes, Madam: I'll acquaint my Maſter, if You pleaſe.

Har. Pray do, Sir.

Serv. Will You favour Me with your Name, Madam?

Har. Be pleaſed, Sir, to let Him know that a Lady deſires to ſpeak with Him.

Serv. I ſhall, Madam. [*Exit.* Servant.

Harriot *ſola.*

I wiſh I cou'd have ſeen Mrs. *Oakly!* What an unhappy Situation am I reduced to! What will the World ſay of Me? And yet what cou'd I do? *Charles*, I muſt own, has this very Day revived much of my Tenderneſs for Him; and yet I dread the Wildneſs of his Diſpoſition. I muſt now, however, ſolicit Mr. *Oakly*'s Protection, and beg Leave to remain for ſome Time in his Houſe; a Circumſtance (all Things conſidered) rather diſagreeable to a delicate Mind, and which nothing, but the abſolute Neceſſity of it cou'd excuſe. Good Heavens! What a Multitude of Difficulties and Diſtreſſes am I thrown into, by my Father's obſtinate Perſeverance to force Me into a Marriage, which my Soul abhors!

Enter Oakly.

Oak. [*At Entering.*] Where is this Lady!——[*Seeing Her.*] Bleſs Me, Miſs *Ruſſet*, is it You? Was ever any Thing ſo unlucky? [*Aſide.*] Is it poſſible, Madam, that I ſee You here?

Har. It is too true, Sir! And the Occaſion on which I am now to trouble You, is ſo much in Need of an Apology, that———

Oak.

Oak. Pray make none, Madam!——If my Wife ſhou'd return before I get Her out of the Houſe again! ——[*Aſide.*

Har. I dare ſay, Sir, You are not quite a Stranger to the Attachment your Nephew has profeſt to Me.

Oak. I am not, Madam! I hope *Charles* has not been guilty of any Baſeneſs towards You. If He has, I'll never ſee his Face again.

Har. I have no Cauſe to accuſe Him. But——

Oak. But what? Madam! Pray be quick!——The very Perſon in the World I wou'd not have ſeen! [*Aſide.*

Har. You ſeem uneaſy, Sir!

Oak. No, nothing at all——Pray, go on, Madam!

Har. I am at preſent, Sir, through a Concurrence of ſtrange Accidents, in a very unfortunate Situation, and do not know what will become of Me, without your Aſſiſtance.

Oak. I'll do every thing in my Power to ſerve You. I know of your leaving your Father, by a Letter We have had from Him. Pray let me know the reſt of your Story.

Har. My Story, Sir, is very ſhort. When I left my Father's I came immediately to *London*, and took Refuge with a Relation, where inſtead of meeting with the Protection I expected, I was alarmed with the moſt infamous Deſigns upon my Honour. It is not an Hour ago, ſince your Nephew reſcued Me from the Attempts of a Villian. I tremble to think, that I left Him actually engaged in a Duel.

Oak. He is very ſafe. He has juſt ſent home the Chariot from the St. *Alban*'s Tavern, where He dines To-Day. But what are your Commands for Me, Madam?

Har. I am heartily glad to hear of his Safety.——The Favour, Sir, I would now requeſt of You is, that You will ſuffer Me to remain for a few Days in your Houſe.

Oak. Madam!

Har. And that in the mean Time You will uſe your utmoſt Endeavours to reconcile Me to my Father, without his forcing Me into a Marriage with Sir *Harry Beagle.*

Oak. This is the moſt perplexing Situation!——— Why did not *Charles* take Care to beſtow You properly?

Har. It is moſt probable, Sir, that I ſhould not have conſented to ſuch a Meaſure Myſelf. The World is but too apt to cenſure, even without a Cauſe: And if You are ſo kind as to admit Me into your Houſe, I muſt deſire not to conſider Mr. *Oakly* in any other Light than as your Nephew, as in my preſent Circumſtances I have particular Objections to it.

Oak. What an unlucky Circumſtance!—Upon my Soul, Madam, I wou'd do any Thing to ſerve You—But being in my Houſe, creates a Difficulty that——

Har. I hope, Sir, You do not doubt the Truth of what I have told You.

Oak. I religiouſly believe every Tittle of it, Madam, but I have particular Family Conſiderations, that——

Har. Sure, Sir, You cannot ſuſpect Me to be baſe enough to form any Connections in your Family, contrary to your Inclinations, while I am living in your Houſe.

Oak. Such, Connections, Madam, would do Me and all my Family great Honour. I never dreamt of any Scruples on that Account.—What can I do?—Let Me ſee—let Me ſee—ſuppoſe— [*Pauſing.*

Enter Mrs. Oakly *behind, in a Capuchin, Tippet,* &c.

Mrs. *Oak.* I am ſure I heard the Voice of a Woman converſing with my Huſband——Ha! [*Seeing* Harriot.] It is ſo, indeed! Let Me contain Myſelf——I'll liſten.

Har. I ſee, Sir, You are not inclined to ſerve Me—Good Heaven! What am I reſerved to?—Why? Why did I leave my Father's Houſe to expoſe Myſelf to greater Diſtreſſes? [*Ready to weep.*

Oak. I wou'd do any Thing for your ſake: Indeed I would. So pray be comforted, and I'll think of ſome proper Place to beſtow You in.

Mrs. *Oak.* So! So!

Har. What Place can be ſo proper as your own Houſe?

Oak. My dear Madam, I——I——

Mrs. *Oak.* My *dear* Madam——Mighty well!

Oak.

Oak. Huſh——hark!——what Noiſe——No——nothing. But I'll be plain with You, Madam, We may be interrupted.——The Family Conſideration I hinted at, is nothing elſe than my Wife. She is a little unhappy in her Temper, Madam!——And if You was to be admitted into the Houſe, I don't know what might be the Conſequence.

Mrs. *Oak.* Very fine!——

Har. My Behaviour, Sir——

Oak. My dear Life, it wou'd be impoſſible for You to behave in ſuch a Manner, as not to give Her Suſpicion.

Har. But if your Nephew, Sir, took every Thing upon himſelf——

Oak. Still that wou'd not do, Madam!——Why this very Morning, when the Letter came from your Father, though I poſitively denied any Knowledge of it, and *Charles* owned it, yet it was almoſt impoſſible to pacify her.

Mrs. *Oak.* The Letter!——How have I been bubbled!

Har. What ſhall I do? What will become of Me?

Oak. Why, look'ye, my dear Madam, ſince my Wife is ſo ſtrong an Objection, it is abſolutely impoſſible for Me to take You into the Houſe. Nay if I had not known She was gone out, juſt before You came, I ſhou'd be uneaſy at your being here even now. So We muſt manage as well as We can. I'll take a private Lodging for You a little way off, unknown to *Charles*, or my Wife, or any Body; and if Mrs. *Oakly* ſhou'd diſcover it at laſt, why the whole Matter will light upon *Charles*, You know.

Mrs. *Oak.* Upon *Charles!*

Har. How unhappy is my Situation! [*Weeping.*] I am ruined for ever.

Oak. Ruined! Not at all. Such a Thing as this has happened to many a young Lady before You, and all has been well again.——Keep up your Spirits! I'll contrive, if I poſſibly can, to viſit You every Day.

Mrs. *Oak.* [*Advancing.*] Will You ſo? O Mr. *Oakly!* Have I diſcovered You at laſt? I'll viſit You indeed. And You, my *dear* Madam, I'll——

Har. Madam, I don't underſtand——

Mrs *Oak.* I underſtand the whole Affair, and have underſtood it for ſome Time paſt.——You ſhall have a private Lodging, Miſs!—— It is the fitteſt Place for You, I believe.——How dare You look Me in the Face?

Oak. For Heaven's Sake, my Love, don't be ſo violent.—— You are quite wrong in this Affair—— You don't know who You are talking to. That Lady is a Perſon of Faſhion.

Mrs. *Oak.* Fine Faſhion, indeed! To ſeduce other Women's Huſbands!

Har. Dear Madam; how can You imagine——

Oak I tell You, my Dear, this is the young Lady that *Charles*——

Mrs. *Oak.* Mighty well! But that won't do, Sir!— Did not I hear You lay the whole Intrigue together? Did not I hear your fine Plot of throwing all the Blame upon *Charles*——

Oak. Nay, be cool a Moment——You muſt know, my Dear, that the Letter which came this Morning, related to this Lady——

Mrs. *Oak.* I know it.

Oak. And ſince that, it ſeems, *Charles* has been ſo fortunate as to——

Mrs. *Oak.* O you deceitful Man!——That Trick is too ſtale to paſs again with Me.——It is plain now what You meant by your propoſing to take Her into the Houſe this Morning.——But the Gentlewoman cou'd introduce herſelf, I ſee.

Oak. Fie! fie, my Dear, She came on purpoſe to enquire for You.

Mrs. *Oak.* For Me!—— Better and better! Did not She watch her Opportunity and come to You juſt as I went out? But I am obliged to You for your Viſit, Madam. It is ſufficiently paid. Pray, don't let me detain You.

Oak.

Oak. For Shame! For Shame, Mrs. *Oakly!* How can You be ſo abſurd? Is this proper Behaviour to a Lady of her Character?

Mrs. *Oak* I have heard her Character. Go, my fine run-away Madam! Now you've eloped from your Father, and run away from your Aunt! Go!——— You ſhan't ſtay here, I promiſe You.

Oak. Prithee, be quiet. You don't know what You are doing. She ſhall ſtay.

Mrs *Oak.* She ſhan't ſtay a Minute.

Oak. She ſhall ſtay a Minute, an Hour, a Day, a Week, a Month, a Year! 'Sdeath, Madam, She ſhall ſtay for ever, if I chuſe it.

Mrs. *Oak.* How!

Har. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, let me go. I am frighted to Death.

Oak. Don't be afraid, Madam!———She ſhall ſtay, I inſiſt upon it.

Ruſſet, within. I tell You, Sir, I will go up. I am ſure that the Lady is here, and nothing ſhall hinder me.

Har. O my Father! My Father! [*Faints away.*

Oak. See! She faints.—Ring the Bell! Who's there?

Mrs. *Oak.* What take her into your Arms too!—Oh! I have no Patience.

Enter Ruſſet, *and* Servants.

Ruſ. Where is this———Ha! Fainting! [*Running to Her.*] O my dear *Harriot!* My Child! My Child!

Oak. Your coming ſo abruptly, ſhocked her Spirits. But ſhe revives. How do You? Madam!

Har. [*To* Ruſ.] O, Sir!

Ruſ. O my dear Girl! How cou'd You run away from your Father, that loves You with ſuch Fondneſs?——But I was ſure I ſhould find You here?

Mrs. *Oak.* There!——There!——Sure he ſhou'd find Her here! Did not I tell you ſo?——Are not You a wicked Man, to carry on ſuch baſe underhand Doings, with a Gentleman's Daughter?

Ruſ. Let me tell You, Sir, Whatever You may think of this Matter, I ſhall not eaſily put up with this behaviour.———How durſt You encourage my Daughter to an Elopement, and receive Her in your Houſe?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Oak.* There, mind that!——The thing is as plain as the Light.

Oak. I tell You, You miſunderſtand——

Ruf. Look ye, Mr. *Oakly*, I ſhall expect Satisfaction from your Family for ſo groſs an Affront. Zouns, Sir, I am not be to us'd ill by any Man n *England.*

Har. My dear Sir, I can aſſure you——

Ruf. Hold your Tongue, Girl! you'll put me in a Paſſion.

Oak. Sir, this is all a miſtake.

Ruf. A Miſtake! Did not I find her in your Houſe?

Oak. Upon my Soul, ſhe has not been in the Houſe above——

Mrs. *Oak.* Did not I hear You ſay, You wou'd take Her a Lodging? A private Lodging!

Oak. Yes, but that——

Ruf. Has not this Affair been carried on a long Time in ſpight of my Teeth?

Oak. Sir, I never troubled Myſelf——

Mrs. *Oak.* Never trouble yourſelf!——Did not You inſiſt on her ſtaying in the Houſe, whether I wou'd or no?

Oak. No.

Ruf. Did not You ſend to meet Her when She came to town?

Oak. No.

Mrs. *Oak.* Did not You deceive Me about the Letter this Morning?

Oak. No—no—no——I tell You, No.

Mrs. *Oak.* Yes——yes——yes——I tell You, Yes.

Ruf. Shan't I believe my own Eyes?

Mrs. *Oak.* Shan't I believe my own Ears?

Oak. I tell You, You are both deceiv'd.

Ruf. Zouns, Sir, I'll have Satisfaction.

Mrs. *Oak.* I'll ſtop theſe fine Doings, I warrant You.

Oak. 'Sdeath, You will not let me ſpeak——And You are both alike. I think——I wiſh You were married to one another with all my Heart.

Mrs. *Oak.* Mighty well! Mighty well!

Ruf. I ſhall ſoon find a Time to talk with You.

Oak.

Oak. Find a Time to talk! You have talked enough now for all your Lives.

Mrs. *Oak.* Very fine! Come along, Sir! Leave that Lady with her Father. Now She is in the propereſt Hands. [*Exit.*

Oak. I wiſh I cou'd leave You in his Hands.

Oak. [*Going, Returns.*] I ſhall follow You, Madam! ——One Word with You, Sir!——The Height of your Paſſion, and Mrs, *Oakly*'s ſtrange Miſapprehenſion of this whole Affair, make it impoſſible to explain Matters to You at preſent. I will do it when You pleaſe, and how You pleaſe. [*Exit.*

Manent Ruſſet *and* Harriot.

Ruſ. Yes, yes: I'll have Satisfaction.——So, Madam! I have found You at laſt.——You have made a fine Confuſion here.

Har. I have indeed been the innocent Cauſe of a great deal of Confuſion.

Ruſ. Innocent!——What Buſineſs had You to be running hither after——

Har. My dear Sir, You miſunderſtand the whole Affair. I have not been in this Houſe half an Hour.

Ruſ. Zouns, Girl, don't put me in a Paſſion!——You know I love You——but a Lie puts Me in a Paſſion. But come along——We'll leave this Houſe directly——[Charles *ſinging without*] Heyday! what now?

After a Noiſe without, Enter Charles *drunk.*

Char. *But my Wine neither Nurſes nor Babies can bring,*
And a big bellied Bottle's a mighty good Thing. [ſinging.
What's here? a Woman? *Harriot!* impoſſible! My deareſt, ſweeteſt *Harriot!* I have been looking all over the Town for You, and at laſt——when I was tired——and weary——and diſappointed——why then the honeſt *Major* and I ſat down together to drink your Health in pint Bumpers. [*Running up to Her.*

Ruſ. Stand off!——How dare You take any Liberties with my Daughter before Me? Zouns, Sir, I'll be the Death of you.

Char. Ha! 'Squire *Ruſſet* too!——You jolly old Cock, how do You?——But *Harriot!* My dear Girl! [*Taking hold of her.*] My Life, my Soul, my——

Ruſ. Let her go, Sir——Come away, *Harriot!*——Leave

Leave Him this Inſtant, or I'll tear You aſunder.

[*Pulling her.*

Har. There needs no Violence to tear Me from a Man, who cou'd diſguiſe himſelf in ſuch a groſs manner, at a Time when He knew I was in the utmoſt Diſtreſs.

[*Diſengages Herſelf, and Exit with* Ruſſet.

Charles *Solus.*

Only hear Me, Sir!——Madam!——My dear *Harriot*——Mr. *Ruſſet!*——Gone!——She's gone!——and 'egad in very ill Humour, and in very bad Company!——I'll go after Her——But hold! I ſhall only make it worſe——as I did——now I recollect——once before. How the Devil came they here?——Who wou'd have thought of finding Her in my own Houſe?—My Head turns round with Conjectures.——I believe I am drunk,——very drunk——ſo 'egad, I'll e'en go and ſleep myſelf ſober, and then enquire the Meaning of all this. For, *I love* Sue, *and* Sue *loves Me*, &c.

[*Exit* ſinging.

ACT IV.

SCENE *Oakly's.*

Enter Mrs Oakly, and *Major* Oakly.

Maj. WELL——well——But, Siſter!——

Mrs. *Oak.* I will know the Truth of this Matter. Why can't you tell me the whole Story?

Maj. I'll tell you nothing.——There's nothing to tell.——You know the Truth already.——Beſides, what have I to do with it? Suppoſe there was a Diſturbance Yeſterday.——What's that to Me? Was I here? It's no Buſineſs of mine.

Mrs. *Oak.* Then why do You ſtudy to make it ſo? Am I not well aſſur'd that this Miſchief commenced at your Houſe in the Country? And now you are carrying it on in Town.

Maj. This is always the Caſe in Family-Squabbles, My Brother has put you out of Humour, and you chuſe to vent your Spleen upon me.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Oak*. Becauſe I know that You are the Occaſion of his Ill-uſage. Mr. *Oakly* never behaved in ſuch a manner before.

Maj. I! Am I the Occaſion of it?

Mrs. *Oak*. Yes, You. I am ſure on't.

Maj. I am glad on't with all my Heart.

Mrs. *Oak*. Indeed!

Maj. Ay, indeed: And You are the more oblig'd to me.—Come, come, Siſter, its Time You ſhou'd reflect a little. My Brother is become a publick Jeſt; and by-and-by if this fooliſh Affair gets Wind, the whole Family will be the Subject of Town-talk.

Mrs. *Oak*. And well it may, when You take ſo much Pains to expoſe us.——The little Diſquiets and Uneaſineſſes of other Families are kept ſecret; but here Quarrels are fomented, and afterwards induſtriouſly made public——And You, Sir, You have done all this —You are my greateſt Enemy.

Maj. Your trueſt Friend, Siſter.

Mrs. *Oak*. But its no Wonder. You have no Feelings of Humanity, no Senſe of Domeſtick Happineſs, no Idea of Tenderneſs or Attachment to any Woman.

Maj. No Idea of Plague or Diſquiet—No, no—And yet I can love a Woman for all that——heartily——As you ſay, tenderly——But then I always chuſe a Woman ſhou'd ſhew a little Love for me too.

Mrs. *Oak*. Cruel Inſinuation!—But I defy your Malice——Mr. *Oakly* can have no Doubt of my Affection for Him.

Maj. Nor I neither; and yet your Affection, ſuch as it is, has all the evil Properties of Averſion. You abſolutely kill him with Kindneſs. Why, what a Life He leads! He ſerves for nothing but a mere Whetſtone of your Ill-humour.

Mrs. *Oak*. Pray now, Sir!——

Maj. The Violence of your Temper makes his Houſe uncomfortable to Him, poiſons his Meals, and breaks his Reſt.

Mrs. *Oak*. I beg, Major *Oakly*——

Maj. This is to have a Wife that doats upon one!—The leaſt Trifle kindles your Suſpicion; You take Fire in an Inſtant, and ſet the whole Family in a Blaze.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Oak.* This is beyond all Patience——No, Sir, 'tis You are the Incendiary. You are the Cauſe of—— I can't bear ſuch———[*Ready to weep.*]——From this Inſtant, Sir, I forbid You my Houſe. However Mr. *Oakly* may treat Me himſelf, I'll never be made the Sport of all his inſolent Relations. [*Exit.*

Major Oakly *ſolus.*

Yes, yes, I knew I ſhou'd be turn'd out of Doors. There ſhe goes——Back again to my Brother directly. Poor Gentleman! 'Slife, If he was but half the Man that I am, I'd engage to keep Her going to and fro all Day, like a Shuttlecock.

Enter Charles.

What, *Charles!*

Char. O Major! Have You heard of what happen'd after I left you Yeſterday?

Maj. Heard! Yes, yes, I have heard it plain enough. But, poor *Charles!* Ha! ha! ha! What a Scene of Confuſion! I wou'd give the World to have been there.

Char. And I wou'd the World to have been any where elſe. Curſed Fortune!

Maj. To come in ſo opportunely at the Tail of an Adventure!——Was not your Miſtreſs mighty glad to ſee you! You was very fond of Her, I dare ſay.

Char. I am upon the Rack. Who can tell what Rudeneſs I might offer Her? I can remember nothing ——I deſerve to loſe Her——To make myſelf a Beaſt! ——And at ſuch a Time too!——O Fool! Fool! Fool!

Maj. Prithee be quiet, *Charles!*——Never vex Yourſelf about nothing, this will all be made up the firſt Time You ſee Her.

Char. I ſhou'd dread to ſee Her——And yet the not knowing where ſhe is, diſtracts me——Her Father may force Her to marry Sir *Harry Beagle* immediately.

Maj. Not He, I promiſe You. She'd run plum into your Arms firſt, in ſpite of her Father's Teeth.

Char. But then Her Father's Violence, and the Mildneſs of her Diſpoſition———

Maj. Mildneſs!—Ridiculous!—Truſt to the Spirit of the Sex in Her. I warrant You, like all the reſt ſhe'll have Perverſeneſs enough not to do as her Father would have her.

Char.

Char. Well——well——But then my Behaviour to her——To expoſe Myſelf in ſuch a Condition to Her again! The very Occaſion of our former Quarrel!——

Maj. Quarrel! ha! ha! ha! What ſignifies a Quarrel with a Miſtreſs? Why the whole affair of making Love, as they call it, is nothing but quarrelling and making it up again. They quarrel o'purpoſe to kiſs and be Friends.

Char. Then indeed Things ſeemed to be taking a fortunate Turn——To renew our Difference at ſuch a Time!——Juſt when I had ſome Reaſon to hope for a Reconciliation!——May Wine be my Poiſon if ever I am drunk again!

Maj. Ay, ay, ſo every Man ſays the next Morning.

Char. Where! where can ſhe be? Her Father wou'd hardly have carried Her back to Lady *Freelove*'s, and He has no Houſe in Town Himſelf, nor Sir *Harry*——I don't know what to think——I'll go in ſearch of Her, though I don't know where to direct Myſelf.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A Gentleman, Sir, that calls Himſelf Captain *O Cutter* deſires to ſpeak with You.

Char. Don't trouble Me——I'll ſee nobody——I'm not at home——

Serv. The Gentleman ſays He has very particular Buſineſs, and he muſt ſee You.

Char. *What*'s his Name? *Who* did You ſay?

Serv. Captain *O Cutter*, Sir!

Char. Captain *O Cutter!* I never heard of Him before. Do You know any Thing of Him, *Major?*

Maj. Not I—But You hear He has particular Buſineſs. I'll leave the Room.

Char. He can have no Buſineſs that need be a Secret to You——Deſire the Captain to walk up. [*Exit* Servant.] What wou'd I give if this unknown Captain was to prove a Meſſenger from my *Harriot.*

Enter Captain O Cutter.

O Cut. Jontlemen, your Servant! Is either of your Names *Charles Oakly*, Eſq.

Char. Charles Oakly, Sir is my Name, if You have any Buſineſs with it.

O Cut. Avaſt, avaſt, my Dear!——I have a little Buſineſs with your Name, but as I was to let nobody know it, I can't mention it, till You clear the Decks, fait. [*Pointing to the Major.*

Char. This Gentleman, Sir, is my moſt intimate Friend, and any Thing that concerns Me may be mentioned before Him.

O Cut. O, if he's your Friend, my Dear, we may do all above-board. It's only about your deciding a Defearance with my Lord *Trinket.* He wants to ſhew You a little warm work; and as I was ſteering this Way, He deſir'd Me to bring you this Letter. [*Giving a Letter.*

Maj. How, Sir, a Challenge!

Char. [*Reading.*] Ha! What's this? This may be uſeful. [*Aſide.*

O Cut. Yes, fait, a Challenge. I am to be his Lordſhip's Second; and if You are fond of a hot Birth, and will come along with that Jontleman, we'll all go to it together, and make a little Line of Battle a-head of our own, my Dear!

Maj. Sir, I am infinitely oblig'd to You——A rare Fellow this! [*Aſide.*] Yes, yes, I'll meet all the good Company. I'll be there in my Waiſtcoat and Pumps, and take a Morning's Breathing with You. Are You very fond of Fighting? Sir.

O Cut. Indeed and I am. I love it better than Salt Beef or Biſcuit.

Maj. But pray, Sir, how are You intereſted in this Difference? Do You know what it is about?

O Cut. O the Devil burn Me, not I. What ſignifies what it's about, You know? ſo we do but tilt a little.

Maj. What fight and not know for what?

O Cut. When the Signal's out for Engaging, What ſignifies talking?

Maj. I fancy, Sir, a Duel is a common Breakfaſt with you. I'll warrant now, You have been engag'd in many ſuch Affairs.

O Cut. Upon my Shoul, and I have; Sea or Land, its all one to little *Terence O Cutter*——When I was laſt in *Dublin*, I fought one Jontleman for cheating me of

of a touſand Pounds: I fought two of the *Mermaid*'s Crew about *Sally Mac-guire*; tree about Politicks; and one about the Play-houſe in *Smock-Ally*. But upon my fait! ſince I am in *England*, I have done nothing at all, at all.

Char. This is lucky——but my Tranſport will diſcover Me. [*Aſide.*] Will You be ſo kind, Sir, [*To O Cutter.*] as to make my Compliments to his Lordſhip, and aſſure Him, that I ſhall do Myſelf the Honour of waiting on Him.

O Cut. Indeed, and I will.——Arrah, my Dear, won't You come too? [*To Maj.* Oakly.

Maj. Depend upon't. We'll go thro' the whole Exerciſe: Carte, Tierce, and Segoon, Captain!

Char. Now to get my Intelligence. [*Aſide.*] I think the Time, Sir, his Lordſhip appoints, in his Letter, is—a——

O Cut. You ſay right——Six o'Clock.

Char. And the Place—a—a—is——I think, behind *Montague* Houſe.

O Cut. No, my Dear?——Avaſt, by the Ring in *Hyde-Park*, fait.——I ſettled it there Myſelf for fear of Interruption.

Char. True, as You ſay, the Ring in *Hyde-Park*—I had forgot——Very well, I'll not fail You, Sir.

O Cut. Devil burn Me, nor I. Upon my Shoul little *Terence O Cutter* will ſee fair Play, or he'll know the Reaſon——And ſo, my Dear, your Servant. [*Exit.*

Maj. Ha! ha! ha! What a Fellow!——He loves Fighting, like a Game-cock.

Char. O Uncle! the luckieſt Thing in the World!

Maj. What, to have a Chance of being run through the Body! I deſire no ſuch good Fortune.

Char. Wiſh Me Joy, wiſh Me Joy! I have found Her, my dear Girl, my *Harriot!*——She is at an Inn in *Holborn*, Major!

Maj. The Devil ſhe is! How do You know!

Char. Why this dear, delightful, charming, blundering Captain, has delivered me a wrong Letter.

Maj. A wrong Letter!

Char. Yes, a Letter to Lady *Freelove*.

Maj The Devil! What are the Contents?

Char. The News I told You juſt now, that She's at an Inn in *Holborn*:——And beſides, an Excuſe from my Lord, for not waiting on her Ladyſhip this Morning, according to his Promiſe, as He ſhall be entirely taken up with his Deſign upon *Harriot*.

Maj. So!—ſo!—A Plot between the Lord and the Lady!——

Char. What his Plot is I don't know, but I ſhall beg Leave to be made a Party in it: So perhaps his Lordſhip and I may meet, and *decide our Defearance*, as the Captain calls it, before To-morrow Morning—— There! read, read, Man! [*Giving the Letter.*

Maj. [*Reading.*] Um—um—um——Very fine! And what do You propoſe doing?

Char. To go thither immediately.

Maj. Then You ſhall take Me with You. Who knows what his Lordſhip's Deſigns may be? I begin to ſuſpect foul Play.

Char. No, no; pray mind your own Buſineſs. If I find there is any need of your Aſſiſtance, I'll ſend for You.

Maj. You'll manage this Affair like a Boy now—— Go on raſhly with Noiſe and Buſtle, and Fury, and get Yourſelf into another Scrape.

Char. No—no—Let Me alone; I'll go *incog.*——— Leave my Chariot at ſome Diſtance——Proceed prudently, and take care of Myſelf, I warrant You—I did not imagine that I ſhou'd ever rejoice at receiving a Challenge, but this is the moſt fortunate Accident that cou'd poſſibly have happen'd, By'e, b'ye, Uncle!

Exit haſtily.

Major Oakly, *ſolus.*

I don't half approve this——and yet I can hardly ſuſpect his Lordſhip of any very deep Deſigns neither ——*Charles* may eaſily outwit Him. Hark ye, *William!* [*as ſeeing a* Servant *at ſome Diſtance.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir!

Maj. Where's my Brother?

Serv. In his Study——alone, Sir!

Maj. And how is He? *William!*

Serv.

Serv. Pretty well, I believe, Sir!

Maj. Ay, ay, but is He in good Humour, of a little—

Serv. I never meddle in Family Affairs, not I, Sir! [*Exit.*

Major Oakly, *ſolus.*

Well ſaid, *William!*——No bad Hint for Me, perhaps!——What a ſtrange World we live in!——No two People in it love one another better than my Brother and Siſter, and yet the bittereſt Enemies cou'd not torment each other more heartily——Ah, if He had but half my Spirit! And yet he don't want it neither—But I know his Temper——He pieces out the Matter with Maxims, and Scraps of Philoſophy, and Odds and Ends of Sentences——I muſt live in Peace — Patience is the beſt Remedy——Any thing for a quiet Life! and ſo on——However, Yeſterday, to give Him his Due, he behaved like a Man. Keep it up, Brother! Keep it up! Or it's all over with You. Since Miſchief is on Foot, I'll e'en ſet it forwards on all Sides. I'll to him directly, read him one of my Morning Lectures, and perſuade him, if I poſſibly can, to go out with Me immediately, or work him up to ſome open Act of Rebellion againſt the ſovereign Authority of his Lady-Wife. Zouns, Brother, rant, and roar, and rave, and turn the Houſe out of the Window. If I was a Huſband!—'Sdeath, what a Pity it is, that No-body knows how to manage a Wife, but a Batchelor! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the* Bull *and* Gate Inn.

Harriot, *ſola.*

What will become of Me? My Father is engaged, and deaf to all Remonſtrances, and here I am to remain by his poſitive Orders, to receive this booby Baronet's odious Addreſſes.——Among all my Diſtreſſes, I muſt confeſs that *Charles* his Behaviour Yeſterday is not the leaſt. So wild! So given up to exceſſes! And yet——I am aſhamed to own it even to Myſelf——I love Him: And Death itſelf ſhall not prevail on Me to give my Hand to Sir *Harry*——but here he comes! What ſhall I do with him?

Enter Sir Harry Beagle.

Sir *Har.* Your Servant, Miſs! ——What!——Not ſpeak!——Baſhful mayhap——Why then I will.—Look'ye, Miſs, I am a Man of few Words.——What ſignifies Hagling? It looks juſt like a Dealer.——What do you think of Me for an Huſband?—— I am a tight young Fellow—ſound Wind and Limb—free from all natural Blemiſhes——Rum all over, dammee.

Har. Sir, I don't underſtand You. Speak *Engliſh*, and I'll give You an Anſwer.

Sir *Har. Engliſh!* Why ſo I do——and good plain *Engliſh* too.——What dy'e think of Me for an Huſband?—That's *Engliſh*—e'nt it?—I know none of your *French* Lingo, none of your *Parlyvoos*, not I.——What d'ye think of Me for an Huſband? The 'Squire ſays You ſhall marry Me.

Har. What ſhall I ſay to Him? I had beſt be civil. [*Aſide.*] —I think, Sir, You deſerve a much better Wife, and beg—

Sir *Har.* Better! No, no—though You're ſo knowing, I am not to be taken in ſo.—You're a fine Thing—Your Points are all good.

Har. Sir *Harry!* Sincerity is above all Ceremony. Excuſe Me, Sir, I declare I never will be your Wife. And if You have a real Regard for Me and my Happineſs, You will give up all Pretenſion to Me. Shall I beſeech You, Sir, to perſuade my Father not to urge a Marriage, to which I am determined never to conſent?

Sir *Har.* Hey! how! what! be off!——Why it's a Match, Miſs!—It's done and done on both Sides.

Har. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, withdraw your Claim to Me.—I never can be prevailed on—indeed I can't—

Sir *Har.* What! make a Match, and then draw the Stakes! That's doing of nothing—play or pay, all the world over.

Har. Let Me prevail on You, Sir!—I am determined not to marry You at all Events.

Sir *Har.* But your Father determined You ſhall, Miſs!—So the Odds are on my Side.—I am not quite ſure of my Horſe, but I have the Rider hollow.

Har.

Har. Your Horſe! Sir—D'ye take Me for—but I forgive you.—I beſeech You, come into my Propoſal. It will be better for us both in the End.

Sir *Har.* I can't be off.

Har. Let Me intreat You.

Sir *Har.* I tell You, its unpoſſible.

Har. Pray, pray, do, Sir!

Sir *Har.* I can't, dammee.

Har. I beſeech You.

Sir *Har.* [*Whiſtles.*

How! laugh'd at?

Sir *Har.* *Will You marry Me? Dear* Ally! Ally Croker! [*ſinging.*

Har. Marry You? I had rather be married to a Slave, a Wretch——You! [*Walks about.*

Sir *Har.* A fine going Thing.——She has a deal of Foot——treads well upon her Paſterns—goes above her Ground—

Har. Peace! Wretch—Do You talk to Me as if I were your Horſe?

Sir *Har.* Horſe! why not ſpeak of my Horſe? If your fine Ladies had half as many good Qualities, they wou'd be much better Bargains.

Har. And if their Wretches of Huſbands liked them half ſo well as they do their Horſes, they would lead better lives.

Sir *Har.* May hap ſo.—But what ſignifies talking to You?———The 'Squire ſhall know your Tricks——He'll doctor You,——I'll go and talk to Him.

Har. Go any where, ſo that You go from Me.

Sir *Har.* He'll break You in—If you won't go in a Snaffle, You muſt be put in a Curb—He'll break You, dammee. [*Exit.*

Harriot, *ſola.*

A Wretch!—But I was to blame to ſuffer his brutal Behaviour to ruffle my Temper.—I cou'd expect nothing elſe from Him, and He is below my Anger.——How much Trouble has this odious Fellow cauſed both to Me and my poor Father!—I never diſobeyed him before, and my Denial now makes him quite unhappy. In any Thing elſe I wou'd be all Submiſſion; and even now,

now, while I dread his Rage, my Heart bleeds for his Uneaſineſs——— I wiſh I cou'd reſolve to obey Him!

Enter Ruſſet.

Ruſ. Are not You a ſad Girl? a perverſe, ſtubborn, obſtinate—

Har. My dear Sir—

Ruſ. Look ye, *Harriot*, don't ſpeak——— You'll put me in a Paſſion——Will You have Him?——Anſwer me that—Why don't the Girl ſpeak?——Will You have Him?

Har. Deareſt Sir, there is nothing in the World elſe—

Ruſ. Why there!—there!——Look ye there!——— Zouns, You ſhall have Him——Huſſy, You ſhall have Him——You ſhall marry him To-night—Did not You promiſe to receive Him civilly?——How came You to affront Him?

Har. Sir, I did receive Him very civilly; but his Behaviour was ſo inſolent and inſupportable———

Ruſ. Inſolent!——Zouns, I'll blow his Brains out. ———Inſolent to my dear *Harriot!*——A Rogue! a Villain! a Scoundrel! I'll—But its a Lie—I know its a Lie—He durſt not behave inſolent——Will You have Him? Anſwer me that. Will You have Him?——— Zouns, You ſhall have Him.

Har. If You have any Love for Me, Sir—

Ruſ. Love for You!—You know I love You—You know your poor fond Father doats on You to Madneſs—I wou'd not force You, if I did not love You—Don't I want You to be happy?——But I know what You wou'd have. You want young *Oakly*, a rakehelly, drunken——

Har. Releaſe Me from Sir *Harry*, and if I ever marry againſt your Conſent, renounce Me for ever.

Ruſ. I *will* renounce You, unleſs you'll have Sir *Harry*.

Har. Conſider, my dear Sir, you'll make Me miſerable. I wou'd die to pleaſe You, but cannot proſtitute my Hand to a Man, my Heart abhors.——Abſolve Me from this hard Command, and in every Thing elſe it will be Happineſs to obey You. *Ruſ.*

Ruſ. You'll break my Heart, *Harriot*, you'll break my Heart——Make You miſerable!——Don't I want to make You happy? Is not He the richeſt Man in the County?——That will make You happy.——Don't all the pale-faced Girls in the Country long to get Him?——And yet You are ſo perverſe, and wayward, and ſtubborn——Zouns You ſhall have Him.

Har. For Heaven's ſake, Sir—

Ruſ. Hold your Tongue, *Harriot!*——I'll hear none of your Nonſenſe.——You ſhall have Him, I tell You, You ſhall have Him——He ſhall marry You this very Night——I'll go for a Licence and a Parſon immediately. Zouns! Why do I ſtand arguing with You? An't I your Father? Have not I a Right to diſpoſe of You? You ſhall have Him.

Har. Sir!—

Ruſ. I won't hear a Word. You ſhall have Him.

[*Exit.*

Harriot *ſola.*

Sir!——Hear Me!——but one Word!——He will not hear Me, and is gone to prepare for this odious Marriage. I will die before I conſent to it. You *ſhall* have him! O that Fathers wou'd enforce their Commands by better Arguments!——And yet I pity Him, while He afflicts Me.——He upbraided Me with *Charles* his Wildneſs and Intemperance——Alas! but too juſtly——I ſee that He is wedded to his Exceſſes: and I ought to conquer an Affection for Him, which will only ſerve to make Me unhappy.

Enter Charles *in a Frock*, &c.

Ha! What do I ſee? [*Screaming.*

Char. Peace! my Love!—My dear Life, make no Noiſe!——I have been hovering about the Houſe this Hour——I juſt now ſaw your Father and Sir *Harry* go out, and have ſeized this precious Opportunity to throw Myſelf at your Feet.

Har. You have given Yourſelf, Sir, a great deal of needleſs Trouble. I did not expect or hope for the Favour of ſuch a Viſit.

Char.

Char. O my dear *Harriot*, your Words and Looks cut Me to the Soul. You can't imagine what I ſuffer, and have ſuffer'd ſince laſt Night——And yet I have in ſome fond Moments flatter'd Myſelf, that the Service I was ſo fortunate as to do You at Lady *Freelove's*, wou'd plead a little in my Favour.

Har. You may remember, Sir, that You took a very early Opportunity of cancelling that Obligation.

Char. I do remember it with Shame and Deſpair. But may I periſh, if my Joy at having delivered You from a Villian, was not the Cauſe! My Tranſport more than half intoxicated Me, and Wine made an eaſy Conqueſt over Me.——I tremble to think leſt I ſhou'd have behav'd in ſuch Manner, as You cannot pardon.

Har. Whether I pardon You or no, Sir, is a Matter of mighty little Conſequence.

Char. O my *Harriot!* Upbraid Me, reproach Me, do any Thing but look and talk with that Air of Coldneſs and Indifference. Muſt I loſe You for one Offence; when my Soul doats on You, when I love You to Diſtraction?

Har. Did it appear like Love, your Conduct Yeſterday? to loſe Yourſelf in Riot, when I was expoſed to the greateſt Diſtreſſes?

Char. I feel, I feel my Shame, and own it.

Har. You confeſs that You don't know in what Manner You behaved. Ought not I to tremble at the very Thoughts of a Man, devoted to a Vice, which renders him no longer a Judge or Maſter of his own Conduct?

Char. Abondon Me, if ever I am guilty of it again. O *Harriot!* I am diſtracted with ten thouſand Fears and Apprehenſions of loſing You for ever——The Chambermaid, whom I brib'd to admit Me to You, told Me that when the two Gentlemen went out, they talk'd of a Licence.——What am I to think? Is it poſſible that You can reſign Yourſelf to Sir *Harry Beagle?* [Harriot *pauſes.*] Can You then conſent to give your Hand to another? No, let Me once more deliver

liver You——Let us ſeize this lucky Moment!——— My Chariot ſtands at the Corner of the next Street——Let Me gently force You, while their Abſence allows it, and convey you from the brutal Violence of a conſtrained Marriage.

Har. No!———I will wait the Event, be it what it may——O *Charles*, I am too much inclin'd——They ſhan't force Me to marry Sir *Harry*——But your Behaviour ——— Not half an Hour ago, my Father reproach'd Me with the Looſeneſs of your Character. [*Weeping.*

Char. I ſee my Folly, and am aſham'd of it. You have reclaim'd Me, *Harriot!* ——— On my Soul, You have.——— If all Women were as attentive as Yourſelf to the Moral of their Lovers, a Libertine would be an uncommon Character.———But let Me perſuade You to leave this Place, while You may—Major *Oakly* will receive us at his Houſe with Pleaſure—I am ſhock'd at the Thoughts of what your Stay here may reſerve You to.

Har. No, I am determin'd to remain.——— To leave my Father again, to go off openly with a Man, of whoſe libertine Character He has Himſelf ſo lately been a Witneſs, wou'd juſtify his Anger, and impeach my Reputation.

Char. Fool! Fool! How unhappy have I made Myſelf!—Conſider, my *Harriot*, the Peculiarity of your Situation; beſides, I have Reaſon to fear other Deſigns againſt You.

Har. From other Deſigns I can be no where ſo ſecure as with my Father.

Char. Times flies—Let Me perſuade You!

Har. I am reſolved to ſtay here.

Char. You diſtract Me. For Heaven's ſake—

Har. I will not think of it.

Char. Conſider, my Angel!—

Har. I do conſider, that your Conduct has made it abſolutely improper for me to truſt myſelf to your Care.

Char. My Conduct!———Vexation! 'Sdeath!——But then, my dear *Harriot*, the Danger You are in, the Neceſſity—

Enter

Enter Chambermaid.

Chamb. O Law, Ma'am!——Such a terrible Accident!——As ſure as I am here, there's a Preſs-Gang has ſeized the two Gemmin, and is carrying them away, thof ſo be one an 'em ſays as how He's a Knight and Baronight, and that t'other's a 'Squire and a Houſekeeper.

Har. Seized by a Preſs-Gang! Impoſſible.

Char. O, now the Deſign comes out.——But I'll balk his Lordſhip.

Chamb. Lack-a-daſy, Ma'am, what can We do? There is Maſter, and *John* Oſtler, and Boot-catcher, all gone a'ter 'em.—There is ſuch an Uproar as never was. [*Exit.*

Har. If I thought this was your Contrivance, Sir, I wou'd never ſpeak to You again.

Char. I wou'd ſooner die than be guilty of it. This is Lord *Trinket*'s doing, I am ſure. I knew He had ſome Scheme in Agitation, by a Letter I intercepted this Morning.

Har. [*Screams.*

Char. Ha! Here He comes! Nay then, it's plain enough. Don't be frighted, my Love! I'll protect You.—But now I muſt deſire You to follow my Directions.

Enter Lord Trinket.

L. *Trink.* Now, Madam,—Pox on't, He here again!——Nay then! [*Drawing.*] Come, Sir! You're unarmed, I ſee, Give up the Lady: Give Her up, I ſay, or I am through You in a Twinkling. *(Going to make a Paſs at* Charles.

Char. Keep your Diſtance, my Lord! I have Arms. [*Producing a Piſtol.*] If You come a Foot nearer, You have a Brace of Balls thro' your Lordſhip's Head.

L. *Trink.* How? What's this? Piſtols!

Char. At your Lordſhip's Service.——Sword and Piſtol, my Lord!——Thoſe You know, are our Weapons.——If this miſſes, I have the Fellow to't in my Pocket——Don't be frighted, Madam! His Lordſhip has

has removed your Friends and Relations, but He will take great Care of You. Shall I leave you with Him?

Har. Cruel *Charles!* You know I *muſt* go with You now.

Char. A little away from the Door, if your Lordſhip pleaſes. [*Waving his Hand.*

L. *Trink.* But, Sir!—'Sdeath!—Madam!——

Char. A little more round, my Lord! [*Waving.*

L. *Trink.* But, Sir!——Mr. *Oakly!*——

Char. I have no Leiſure to talk with your Lordſhip now.—A little more that Way, if You pleaſe. [*Waving.*]—You know where I live——If You have any Commands for Miſs *Ruſſet*, You will hear of Her too at my Houſe.—Nay, keep back, my Lord! [*Preſenting.*]—Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient humble Servant!

[*Exit with* Harriot.

Manet Lord Trinket.

[*Looking after them, and pauſing for a ſhort Time.*]

——I cut a mighty ridiculous Figure here, 'pon Honour.——So I have been concerting this deep Scheme, merely to ſerve Him.——Oh, the Devil take ſuch Intrigues, and all ſilly country Girls, that can give up a Man of Quality and Figure, for a Fellow that Nobody knows! [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE Lady *Freelove's*.

Enter Lord Trinket, *Lady* Freelove *with a Letter, and Captain* O Cutter.

Lord TRINKET.

WAS ever any Thing ſo unfortunate? Pox on't, Captain, how cou'd You make ſuch a ſtrange Blunder?

O Cut. I never tought of a Blunder I was to daliver two Letters, and if I gave Them one a-piece I tought it was all one, fait.

L. *Free.* And ſo, my Lord, the ingenious Captain gave the Letter intended for Me to young *Oakly*, and here he has brought me a Challenge.

L. *Trink.* Ridiculous! Never was any Thing ſo *mal-apropos*——Did not You read the Direction? Captain!

O Cut. Who Me!—Devil burn Me, not I. I never rade at all.

L. *Trink.* 'Sdeath! How provoking! When I had ſecur'd the Servants, and got all the People out of the Way——When every thing was *in train.*

L. *Free.* Nay, never deſpair, my Lord! Things have happened unluckily, to be ſure; and yet I think I cou'd hit upon a Method to ſet every Thing to Right again.

L. *Trink.* How? how? My dear Lady *Freelove*, How?

L. *Free.* Suppoſe then your Lordſhip was to go and deliver theſe country Gentlemen from their Confinement; make them believe that it was a Plot of young *Oakly*'s to carry off my Niece; and ſo make a Merit of your own Services with the Father.

L. *Trink.* Admirable! I'll about it immediately.

O Cut.

O Cut. Has your Lordſhip any Occaſion for my Sarvice in this Expedition?

L. *Trink.* O no: Only releaſe Me theſe People, and then keep out of the Way, dear Captain!

O Cut. With all my Heart, ſait! But You are all wrong! this will not ſignify a Braſs Farding. If You wou'd let Me alone, I wou'd give Him a Salt Eel, I warrant You—But upon my Credit—— There's nothing to be done without a little Tilting. *Exit.*

L. *Free.* Ha! ha! Poor Captain!

L. *Trink.* But where ſhall I carry them, when I have deliver'd them!

L. *Free.* To Mr. *Oakly*'s, by all Means. You may be ſure my Niece is there.

L. *Trink.* To Mr. *Oakly*'s!—Why, does your Ladyſhip conſider? 'Tis going directly into the Fire of the Enemy—throwing the *Dementi* full in their Teeth.

L. *Free.* So much the better. Face your Enemies: Nay, You ſhall outface Them too. Why, where's the Difference between Truths and Untruths, if You do but ſtick cloſe to the Point? Falſhood wou'd ſcarce ever be detected, if We had Confidence enough to ſupport it?

L. *Trink.* Nay, I don't want *Bronze* upon Occaſion ——But to go amongſt a whole Troop of People, ſure to contradict every Word I ſay, is ſo dangerous——

L. *Free.* To leave *Ruſſet* alone amongſt Them, wou'd be ten times more dangerous. You may be ſure that *Oakly*'s will be the firſt Place He will go to after his Daughter, where if You don't accompany Him, He will be open to all their Suggeſtions. They'll be all in one Story, and Nobody there to contradict Them: And then their dull Truth wou'd triumph, which muſt not be. No—no—poſitively my Lord, You muſt battle it out.

L. *Trink.*——Well! I'll go, 'pon Honour—and if I cou'd depend on your Ladyſhip as a *Corps de reſerve.*——

L. *Free.* I'll certainly meet You there.—Tuſh! my Lord, there's nothing in it. It's hard indeed if two Perſons

ſons of Condition can't bear themſelves out againſt ſuch trumpery Folks as the Family of the *Oaklys*.

L. *Trink*. Odious low People!—But I loſe Time——I muſt after the Captain—and ſo, till We meet at Mr. *Oakly*'s, I kiſs your Ladyſhip's Hands.—You won't fail Me.

L. *Free*. You may depend on Me. [*Exit*. L. *Trink*.

Lady Freelove, *ſola*.

So here is fine Work! This artful little Huſſy has been too much for Us all: Well! what's to be done? Why, when a Woman of Faſhion gets into a Scrape, nothing but a Faſhionable Aſſurance can get Her out of it again. I'll e'en go boldly to Mr. *Oakly*'s, as I have promiſed, and if it appears practicable, I will forward Lord *Trinket*'s Match; but if I find that Matters have taken another Turn, his Lordſhip muſt excuſe Me. In that Caſe I'll fairly drop Him, ſeem a perfect Stranger to all his Intentions, and give my Viſit an Air of Congratulation to my Niece and any other Huſband, which Fortune, her wiſe Father, or ridiculous Self, has provided for Her. [*Exit*.

SCENE *changes to Mrs.* Oakly's *Dreſſing-Room*.

Mrs. Oakly, *ſola*.

This is worſe and worſe!——He never held Me ſo much in Contempt before--To go out without ſo much as ſpeaking to Me, or taking the leaſt Notice!——I am obliged to the *Major* for this.—How could He take Him out? And how cou'd Mr. *Oakly* go with Him?

Enter Toilet.

Mrs. *Oak*. Well, *Toilet!*

Toil. My Maſter is not come back yet, Ma'am!

Mrs. *Oak*. Where is He gone?

Toil. I don't know, I can aſſure your Ladyſhip.

Mrs. *Oak*. Why don't you know?——You know nothing——But I warrant You know well enough, if You wou'd tell———You ſhall never perſuade Me but You knew of Mr. *Oakly*'s going out To-day.

Toil.

Toil. I wiſh I may die, Ma'am, upon my Honour, and I proteſt to your Ladyſhip, I knew nothing in the World of the Matter, no more than the Child unborn. There is Mr. *Paris*, my Maſter's Gentleman, knows——

Mrs. *Oak.* What does He know?

Toil. That I knew nothing about it, till after my Maſter was gone.

Mrs. *Oak* Where is *Paris?* What is He doing?

Toil. He is in my Maſter's Room, Ma'am!

Mrs. *Oak.* Bid him come here.

Toil. Yes, Ma'am! [*Exit.*

Mrs, *Oak.* He is certainly gone after this young Flirt. ——His Confidence and the *Major*'s Inſolence provoke Me beyond Expreſſion.

Re-enter Toilet *with* Paris.

Where's your Maſter?

Par. Il eſt ſortie.

Mrs. *Oak.* Where is He gone?

Par. Ah, Madâme! *Je n'en ſcai rien.* I know noting of it.

Mrs. *Oak.* Nobody knows any Thing. Why did not You tell Me He was going out?

Par. I dreſs Him—— *Je ne m'en ſoucie pas du plus* ——He go where He will——I have no Biſneſs wid it.

Mrs. *Oak.* Yes, You ſhou'd have told Me—That was your Buſineſs——And if You don't mind your Buſineſs better, You ſhan't ſtay here, I can tell You, Sir.

Par. Voila! quelque choſe d'extraordinaire!

Mrs. *Oak.* Don't ſtand jabbering and ſhrugging your Shoulders, but go, and enquire——go——and bring Me Word where He is gone.

Par. I don't know vat I am do——I'll aſk *John.*——

Mrs. *Oak.* Bid *John* come here.

Par. De tout mon cœur.——*Jean! ici! Jean!*—— Speak mi Ladi! [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Oak.* Impudent Fellow! His inſolent Gravity and Indifference are inſupportable——*Toilet!*

Toil. Ma'am!

Mrs. *Oak.* Where's *John?* Why don't he come? Why do You ſtand with your Hands before You? Why don't You fetch him?

Toil. Yes, Ma'am——I'll go this Minute——O! here! *John!* My Lady wants You.

Enter John.

Mrs. *Oak.* Where's your Maſter?

John. Gone out, Madam!

Mrs. *Oak.* Why did not You go with Him?

John. Becauſe He went out in the *Major*'s Chariot, Madam!

Mrs. *Oak.* Where did They go to?

John. To the *Major*'s, I ſuppoſe, Madam.

Mrs. *Oak.* Suppoſe! Don't You know?

John. I believe ſo, but can't tell for certain, indeed, Madam!

Mrs. *Oak.* Believe! and ſuppoſe!——and don't know! and can't tell——You are all Fools——Go about your Buſineſs! [John *going.*]——Come here! [*Returns.*] Go to the *Major*'s—No—it does not ſignify ——go along——[John *going.*]——Yes, hark'ye! [*Returns.*] Go to the *Major*'s and ſee if your Maſter is there.

John. Give your Compliments! Madam!

Mrs. *Oak.* My Compliments? Blockhead! Get along! [John *going.*] Come hither! [*Returns.*]—Can't You go to the *Major*'s, and bring Me Word if Mr. *Oakly* is there without taking any further Notice?

John. Yes, Ma'am!

Mrs. *Oak.* Well! Why don't You go then? And make Haſte back——And d'ye hear? *John!* [John *going, returns.*

John. Madam!

Mrs. *Oak.* Nothing at all——go along——[John *goes.*]——How uneaſy Mr. *Oakly* makes Me!——Hark'ye! *John!* [John *returns.*]

John. Madam!

Mrs. *Oak.* Send the Porter here.

John. Yes, Madam! [*Exit* John.

Toil. So! She's in a rare Humour! I ſhall have a fine Time on't——[*Aſide.*]——Will your Ladyſhip chuſe to dreſs?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Oak.* Prithee, Creature, don't teaze Me with your fiddle-faddle Stuff——I have a thouſand Things to think of——Where is the Porter? Why has not that Booby ſent Him? What is the Meaning——

Re-enter John.

John. Madam, my Maſter is this Moment returned with Major *Oakly*, and my young Maſter, and the Lady that was here Yeſterday.

Mrs. *Oak.* Very well. [*Exit* John.]——Returned!——Yes, truly, he is returned——and in a very extraordinary manner——This is ſetting Me at open Defiance——But I'll go down, and ſhew them I have too much Spirit to endure ſuch Uſage——[*Going.*]——Or ſtay——I'll not go amongſt his Company——I'll go out——*Toilet!*

Toil. Ma'am!

Mrs. *Oak.* Order the Coach. I'll go out. [Toilet *going.*]——*Toilet!*——I'll e'en go down to them——No——*Toilet!*

Toil. Ma'am!

Mrs. *Oak.* Order Me a boil'd Chicken——I'll not go down to Dinner——I'll dine in my own Room, and ſup there——I'll not ſee his Face theſe three Days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another Room.*

Enter Oakly, *Major* Oakly, Charles, *and* Harriot.

Char. My dear *Harriot*, do not make Yourſelf ſo uneaſy.

Har. Alas! I have too much Cauſe for my uneaſineſs. Who knows what that vile Lord has done with my Father?

Oak. Be comforted, Madam! We ſhall ſoon hear of Mr. *Ruſſet*, and all will be well, I dare ſay.

Har. You are too good to Me, Sir!——But I can aſſure You, I am not a little concern'd on your Account as well as my own; and if I did not flatter Myſelf with the Hopes of explaining every Thing to Mrs.

Mrs. *Oakly*'s Satisfaction, I ſhould never forgive Myſelf for having diſturbed the Peace of ſuch a worthy Family.

Maj. Don't mind that, Madam! They'll be very good Friends again——This is nothing among married People.———'Sdeath! Here She is!———No——Its only Mrs. *Toilet.*

Enter Toilet.

Oak. Well, *Toilet*, What now? [Toil. *Whiſpers.*] Not well? Can't come down to Dinner?———Wants to ſee me above?———Hark'ye, Brother, what ſhall I do?

Maj. If You go, you're undone.

Har. Go, Sir!———Go to Mrs. *Oakly*——Indeed, You had better———

Maj. 'Sdeath, Brother! don't budge a Foot——This is all Fractiouſneſs and Ill-humour——

Oak. No———I'll not go——Tell Her I have Company, and We ſhall be glad to ſee Her here.

[*Exit.* Toilet.

Maj. That's right.

Oak. Suppoſe I go, and watch how She proceeds?

Maj. What d'ye mean?—You wou'd not go to her!——Are You mad?

Oak. By no Means go to Her—I only want to know how She takes it.——I'll lie *perdue* in my Study, and obſerve Her motions.

Maj. I don't like this pitiful ambuſcade Work——This Buſh-fighting———Why can't You ſtay here?—Ay! ay!——I know how it will be———She'll come bounce in upon You with a Torrent of Anger and Paſſion, or if neceſſary, a whole Flood of Tears, and carry all before her at once.

Oak. You ſhall find that you're miſtaken, Major!——Don't imagine, becauſe I with not to be void of Humanity, that I am deſtitute of Reſolution. Now I am convinc'd I'm in the Right. I'll ſupport that Right with ten Times your Stedfaſtneſs.

Maj. You talk this well, Brother!

Oak. I'll do it well, Brother!

Maj. If You don't, you're undone.

Oak.

Oak. Never fear! never fear! [*Exit.*

Maj. Well, *Charles!*

Char. I can't bear to ſee my *Harriot* ſo uneaſy. I'll go immediately in queſt of Mr. *Ruſſet.* Perhaps I may learn at the Inn where his Lordſhip's Ruffians have carried Him.

Ruſ. [*without*] Here? Yes, yes, I know She's here well enough, come along, Sir *Harry*, come along.

Har. He's here! —— My Father! I know his Voice. Where is Mr. *Oakly?* O, now, good Sir, [*To* Major.] Do but pacify Him, and you'll be a Friend indeed.

Enter Ruſſet, *Lord* Trinket, *and Sir Harry* Beagle.

L. *Trink.* There! Sir—I told you it was ſo.

Ruſ. Ay, ay, it is too plain.——O you provoking Slut!——Elopement after Elopement! And at laſt to have your Father carried off by Violence! To endanger my Life! Zouns! I am ſo angry, I dare not truſt myſelf within reach of You.

Char. I can aſſure You, Sir, that your Daughter is entirely——

Ruſ. You aſſure me? You are the Fellow that has perverted her Mind——That has ſet my own child againſt Me.

Char. If You will but hear Me, Sir——

Ruſ. I wont hear a Word You ſay——I'll have my Daughter——I wont hear a Word.

Maj. Nay, Mr. *Ruſſet*, hear Reaſon. If You will but have Patience——

Ruſ. I'll have no Patience—I'll have my Daughter, and She ſhall marry Sir *Harry* To-night.

L. *Trink.* That is dealing rather too much *en cavalier* with Me, Mr. *Ruſſet*, 'pon Honour. You take no Notice of my Pretenſions, though my Rank and Family——

Ruſ. What care I for Rank and Family? I don't want to make my Daughter a rantipole Woman of Quality. I'll give Her to whom I pleaſe. Take Her away, Sir *Harry!* She ſhall marry You To-night.

Har. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, hear Me but a Moment.

Ruſ.

Ruſ. Hold your Tongue, Girl! Take Her away, Sir *Harry*, take Her away.

Char. It muſt not be.

Maj. Only three Words, Mr. *Ruſſet*.——

Ruſ. Why don't the Booby take Her?——

Sir *Har.* Hold hard! Hold hard! You are all on a wrong Scent: Hold hard! I ſay, hold hard!—Hark'ye, Squire *Ruſſet!*

Ruſ. Well! what now?

Sir *Har.* It was propoſed, You know, to match Me with Miſs *Harriot*——But She can't take kindly to me ——When one has made a bad Bett, it is beſt to hedge off, You know——and ſo I have e'en ſwopped Her with Lord *Trinket* here for his Brown Horſe *Nabob*, that he bought of Lord *Whiſtlejacket*, for Fifteen Hundred Guineas.

Ruſ. Swopped Her? Swopped my Daughter for a Horſe? Zouns, Sir, what d'ye mean?

Sir *Har.* Mean? Why I mean to be off, to be ſure—— It won't do—I tell you, it wont do—Firſt of all I knocked up Myſelf and my Horſes, when they took for *London*——and now I have been ſtewed aboard a Tender——I have waiſted three Stone at leaſt—If I cou'd have rid my Match, it would not have grieved me—— And ſo as I ſaid before, I have ſwopped her for *Nabob*.

Ruſ. The Devil take *Nabob*, and Yourſelf, and Lord *Trinket*, and——

L. *Trink. Pardon! je vous demande pardon, Monſieur Ruſſet!* 'pon Honour.

Ruſ. Death and the Devil! I ſhall go diſtracted. My Daughter plotting againſt Me——the ——

Maj. Come, come, Mr. *Ruſſet*, I am your Man after all, give me but a moment's Hearing, and I'll engage to make Peace between You and your Daughter, and throw the Blame where it ought to fall moſt deſervedly.

Sir *Har.* Ay, ay, that's right. Put the Saddle on the right Horſe, my Buck!

Ruſ. Well, Sir!——What d'ye ſay?——Speak—— I don't know what to do——

Maj.

Maj. I'll ſpeak the Truth, let who will be offended by it——I have Proof preſumptive and poſitive for You, Mr. *Ruſſet.* From his Lordſhip's Behaviour at Lady *Freelove's*, when my Nephew reſcued Her. We may fairly conclude that He wou'd ſtick at no Meaſures to carry his Point.——There's Proof preſumptive——But, Sir, We can give You Proof poſitive too——Proof under his Lordſhip's own Hand, that He, likewiſe, was the Contriver of the groſs Affront that has juſt been offered You.

Ruſ. Hey! How!

L. *Trink.* Every Syllable Romance, 'pon Honour.

Maj. Goſpel, every Word on't.

Char. This Letter will convince You, Sir!——In Conſequence of what happened at Lady *Freelove's*, his Lordſhip thought fit to ſend Me a Challenge: But the Meſſenger blundered, and gave Me this Letter inſtead of it. [*Giving the Letter.*] I have the Caſe which incloſed it in my Pocket.

L. *Trink.* Forgery from Beginning to End, 'pon Honour.

Maj. Truth upon *my* Honour.——But read, read, Mr. *Ruſſet*, read and be convinced.

Ruſ. Let me ſee——let Me ſee——[*Reading.*]——Um—um—um—um——ſo! ſo!——um——um——um——Damnation!——*Wiſh Me Succeſs——obedient Slave——Trinket*——Fire and Fury! How dare You do this?

L. *Trink.* When You are cool, Mr. *Ruſſet*, I will explain this Matter to You.

Ruſ. Cool? 'Sdeath and Hell!—I'll never be cool again——I'll be revenged.——So my *Harriot*, my dear Girl is innocent at laſt——Say ſo, *Harriot*, tell Me You are innocent. [*Embracing Her.*

Har. I am indeed, Sir! and happy beyond Expreſſion, at your being convinced of it.

Ruſ I am glad on't——I am glad on't——I believe You, *Harriot!*——You was always a good Girl.

Maj. So She is, an excellent Girl!——Worth a Regiment of ſuch Lords and Baronets——Come, Sir,

Sir, finiſh every Thing handſomely at once——Come,—*Charles* will have a handſome Fortune.

Ruſ. Marry!——She durſt not do it.——

Maj. Conſider, Sir, They have long been fond of each other,—old Acquaintance——faithful Lovers——Turtles——and may be very happy.

Ruſ. Well, well——ſince Things are ſo——I love my Girl——Hark'ye, young *Oakly*, if You don't make Her a good Huſband, You'll break my Heart, you Rogue.

Char. Do not doubt it, Sir! my *Harriot* has reformed Me altogether.

Ruſ. Has ſhe?——Why then——there——Heaven bleſs you both——there——now there's an End on't.

Sir *Har.* So, my Lord, You and I are both diſtanced ——A hollow Thing, dammee.

L. *Trink. N'importe.*

Sir *Har.* [*Aſide.*] Now this Stake is drawn, my Lord may be for hedging off mayhap. Ecod! I'll go to *Jack Speed*'s, and ſecure *Nabob*, and be out of Town in an Hour——Soho! Lady *Freelove!* Voics! [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Freelove.

L. *Free.* My dear Miſs *Ruſſet*, You'll excuſe——

Char. Mrs. *Oakly*, at your Ladyſhip's Service.

L. *Free.* Married?

Har. Not yet, Madam, but my Father has been ſo good as to give his Conſent.

L. *Free.* I proteſt, I am prodigiouſly glad of it. My Dear I give You Joy——and You, Mr. *Oakly*, ——I wiſh You Joy, Mr. *Ruſſet*, and all the good Company——for I think They are moſt of Them Parties concerned.

Maj. How eaſy, impudent, and familiar!—— [*Aſide.*

L. *Free.* Lord *Trinket* here too! I vow I did not ſee your Lordſhip before.

L. *Trink.* Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient Slave. [*Bowing.*

L. *Free.* You ſeem grave, My Lord!——Come, come, I know there has been ſome Difference between You

You and Mr. *Oakly*——You muſt give Me Leave to be a Mediator in this Affair.

L. *Trink.* Here has been a ſmall *Fracas* to be ſure, Madam!——We are all blown, 'pon Honour.

L. *Free* Blown! What do You mean, my Lord?

L. *Trink.* Nay, your Ladyſhip knows that I never mind theſe Things, and I know that they never diſcompoſe your Ladyſhip——— But Things have happened a little *en travers*——The little *Billet* that I ſent your Ladiſhip, has fallen into the Hands of that Gentleman,—— [*Pointing to* Char.]——and ſo——there has been a little *Brouillerie* about it——that's all.

L. *Free.* You talk to Me, my Lord, in a very extraordinary Stile———If You have been guilty of any Miſbehaviour, I am ſorry for it; but your ill Conduct can faſten no Imputation on Me——Miſs *Ruſſet* will juſtify Me ſufficiently.

Maj. Had not your Ladyſhip better appeal to my Friend *Charles* here?——The Letter!——*Charles!*—— Out with it this Inſtant!

Char. Yes, I have the Credentials of her Ladyſhip's Integrity in my Pocket——Mr. *Ruſſet*, the Letter You read a little while ago, was incloſed in this Cover, which alſo I now think it my Duty to put into your Hands.

Ruſ. [*Reading.*] *To the Right Honourable Lady Freelove* ——'Sdeath and Hell!——and now I recollect, the Letter itſelf was pieced with Scraps of *French*, and *Madam* and *Your Ladyſhip*——Fire and Fury! Madam, how came You to uſe Me ſo? I am obliged to You then for the Inſult that has been offered Me.

L. *Free.* What is all this? Your Obligations to Me, Mr. *Ruſſet*, are of a Nature that———

Ruſ. Fine Obligations! I dare ſay I am partly obliged to You too for the Attempt on my Daughter by that Thing of a Lord yonder at your Houſe. Zouns! Madam, theſe are Injuries never to be forgiven——— They are the groſſeſt Affronts to Me and my Family——All the World ſhall know them——Zouns!—— I'll———

L. *Free.* Mercy on Me! how boiſterous are theſe Country Gentlemen! Why really, Mr. *Ruſſet*, You rave like a Man in *Bedlam*——I am afraid you'll beat Me—and then You ſwear moſt abominably.——How can You be ſo vulgar?——I ſee the Meaning of this low Malice——But the Reputations of Women of Quality are not ſo eaſy impeached——My Rank places Me above the Scandal of little People, and I ſhall meet ſuch petty Inſolence with the greateſt Eaſe and Tranquillity.—— But You and your ſimple Girl will be the Sufferers ——I had ſome Thoughts of introducing Her into the firſt Company—But now, Madam, I ſhall neither receive nor return your Viſits, and will entirely withdraw my Protection from the ordinary Part of the Family. [*Exit.*

Ruſ. Zouns! what Impudence! that's worſe than all the reſt.

L. *Trink.* Fine preſence of Mind, faith!——The true *French Nonchalence*——But, good Folks, why ſuch a deal of Rout and *Tapage* about nothing at all?—— If Mademoiſelle *Harriot* had rather be Mrs. *Oakly* than Lady *Trinket*——Why——I wiſh her Joy, that's all ——Mr. *Ruſſet*, I wiſh You Joy of your Son-in-Law ——Mr. *Oakly* I wiſh You Joy of the Lady——and You, Madam, [*To* Harriot.] of the Gentleman—— And in ſhort, I wiſh You all Joy of one another, 'pon Honour! [*Exit.*

Ruſ. There's a fine Fellow of a Lord now! The Devil's in your *London* Folks of the firſt Faſhion, as You call Them. They will rob You of your Eſtate, debauch your Daughter, or lie with your Wife—— and all as if They were doing You a Favour——*'Pon Honour!*——[*Bell rings violently.*

Maj. Hey! What now?

Enter Oakly.

Oak. D'ye hear *Major*, d'ye hear?

Maj. Zouns! What a Clatter!——She'll pull down all the Bells in the Houſe.

Oak. My Obſervations ſince I left You, have confirm'd my Reſolution. I ſee plainly, that her Good-humour,

humour, and her Ill-humour, her Smiles, her Tears and her Fits, are all calculated to play upon Me.

Maj. Did not I always tell You ſo? Its the way with them all——They will be rough and ſmooth, and hot, and cold, and all in a Breath. Any Thing to get the better of us.

Oak. She is in all Moods at preſent, I promiſe You—I am at once angry and aſhamed of Her; and yet ſhe is ſo ridiculous I can't help laughing at Her——There has She been in her Chamber, fuming and fretting, and diſpatching a Meſſenger to Me every two Minutes——Servant after Servant——Now ſhe inſiſts on my coming to Her.—Now again She writes a Note to intreat——Then *Toilet* is ſent to let Me know that She is ill——abſolutely dying——Then, the very next Minute, ſhe'll never ſee my Face again—She'll go out of the Houſe directly. [*Bell rings.*] Again!——now the Storm riſes!——

Maj. It will ſoon drive this Way then——now, Brother, prove Yourſelf a Man——You have gone too far to retreat.

Oak. Retreat!——Retreat!——No, no!——I'll preſerve the Advantage I have gain'd, I am determin'd.

Maj. Ay, ay!——keep your Ground!—fear nothing!——Up with your noble Heart! Good Diſcipline makes good Soldiers; ſtick cloſe to my Advice, and You may ſtand buff to a Tigreſs——

Oak. Here ſhe is, by Heavens——Now! Brother!

Maj. And now! Brother!——Now, or never!

Enter Mrs. Oakly.

Mrs. *Oak.* I think, Mr. *Oakly*, You might have had Humanity enough to have come to ſee how I did. You have taken your leave, I ſuppoſe, of all Tenderneſs and Affection——But I'll be calm——I'll not throw myſelf into a Paſſion——You want to drive me out of your Houſe——I ſee what You aim at, and will be aforehand with You——Let Me keep my Temper!——I'll ſend for a Chair, and leave the Houſe this Inſtant.

Oak. True, My Love! I knew You would not think of dining in your own Chamber alone, when I

had Company below. You ſhall ſit at the Head of the Table, as You ought to be ſure, as You ſay, and make my Friends welcome.

Mrs. *Oak.* Excellent Raillery! Look ye, Mr. *Oakly*, I ſee the Meaning of all this affected Coolneſs and Indifference——

Oak. My Dear, conſider where You are——

Mrs. *Oak.* You wou'd be glad, I find, to get Me out of your Houſe, and have all your Flirts about You.——

Oak. Before all this Company! Fie.——

Mrs. *Oak.* But I'll diſappoint You, for I ſhall remain in it to ſupport my due Authority——As for You, Major *Oakly!*——

Maj. Hey day! What have I done?

Mrs. *Oak.* I think You might find better Employment, than to create Diviſions between married People——and You, Sir!——

Oak. Nay, but, my Dear!——

Mrs. *Oak.* Might have more Senſe, as well as Tenderneſs, than to give Ear to ſuch idle Stuff.——

Oak. Lord! Lord!——

Mrs. *Oak.* You and your wiſe Counſellor there, I ſuppoſe, think to carry all your Points with Me.——

Oak. Was ever any Thing——

Mrs. *Oak.* But it won't do, Sir! You ſhall find that I will have my own Way, and that I will govern my own Family.

Oak. You had better learn to govern Yourſelf by half. Your Paſſion makes You ridiculous. Did ever any body ſee ſo much Fury and Violence, affronting your beſt Friends, breaking my Peace, and diſconcerting your own Temper? And all for what? for nothing. 'Sdeath! Madam, at theſe Years You ought to know better.

Mrs. *Oak.* At theſe Years!——Very fine!—— Am I to be talk'd to in this Manner?

Oak. Talk'd to!——Why not?——You have talk'd to Me long enough——almoſt talk'd me to Death ——and I have taken it all in hopes of making You quiet ——But all in vain, for the more one bears, the worſe You are. Patience, I find, is all thrown away upon You ——and

——and henceforward, come what may, I am reſolved to be Maſter of my own Houſe.

Mrs. *Oak.* So! ſo!—Maſter indeed!—Yes, Sir, and you'll take care to have Miſtreſſes enough too, I warrant You.

Oak. Perhaps I may; but they ſhall be quiet ones, I can aſſure You.

Mrs. *Oak.* Indeed! and do You think that I am ſuch a tame Fool as to ſit quietly and bear all this? You ſhall know, Sir, that I will reſent this Behaviour—You ſhall find that I have a Spirit——

Oak. Of the Devil.

Mrs. *Oak.* Intolerable!——You ſhall find then that I will exert that Spirit. I am ſure I have need of it.——As ſoon as my Houſe is once cleared again, I'll ſhut my Doors againſt all Company—You ſhan't ſee a ſingle Soul for this Month.

Oak. 'Sdeath! Madam, but I will.——I'll keep open Houſe for a Year—I'll ſend Cards to the whole Town—Mr. *Oakly*'s Route! All the World will come——And I'll go among the World too——I'll be mewed up no longer.

Mrs. *Oak.* Provoking Inſolence!——This is not to be endured. Look'ye, Mr. *Oakly*——

Oak. And look'ye, Mrs. *Oakly*, I will have my own Way.

Mrs. *Oak.* Nay then, let Me tell You, Sir——

Oak. And let Me tell You, Madam, I will not be croſſed——I won't be made a Fool.

Mrs. *Oak.* Why, You won't let Me ſpeak——

Oak. Becauſe You don't ſpeak as You ought——Madam! Madam! You ſhan't look, nor walk, nor talk nor think, but as I pleaſe.

Mrs. *Oak.* Was there ever ſuch a Monſter! I can bear this no longer. [*Burſts into Tears.*] O you vile Man!——I ſee through your deſign——You cruel, barbarous, inhuman—Such Uſage to your poor Wife!——You'll be the Death of Her.

Oak. She ſhan't be the Death of Me, I am determined.

Mrs *Oak.* That it ſhou'd ever come to this——To be contradicted——[*Sobbing.*]——inſulted——abuſed——hated——'Tis too much——my Heart will burſt with oh——oh—— [*Falls into a Fit.*

Harriot, Charles, &c. *run to her Aſſiſtance.*

Oak. [*Interpoſing.*] Let her alone.

Har. Sir, Mrs. *Oakly*——

Char. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, She will be——

Oak. Let her alone, I ſay; I won't have Her touched—Let her alone—If her Paſſions throw Her into Fits, let the Strength of them carry Her through them.

Har. Pray, my dear Sir, let Us aſſiſt Her! She may——

Oak. I don't care—You ſhan't touch Her—Let Her bear them patiently—She'll learn to behave better another Time.——Let Her alone, I ſay.

Mrs. *Oak.* [*Riſing.*] O you Monſter!——You Villain!——You baſe Man!——Wou'd You let Me die for want of Help?——Wou'd You——

Oak. Bleſs Me, Madam, your Fit is very violent——Take Care of Yourſelf.

Mrs. *Oak.* Deſpiſed——ridiculed——But I'll be revenged——You ſhall ſee, Sir——

Oak. Tol-de-rol loll-de-roll loll-de-rol loll. [ſinging.

Mrs. *Oak.* What, am I made a Jeſt of? Expoſed to all the World——If there's Law or Juſtice——

Oak. Tol-de-rol loll-de-roll loll-de-rol loll. [ſinging.

Mrs. *Oak.* I ſhall burſt with Anger——Have a care, Sir, You may repent this——Scorned and made ridiculous!——No power on Earth ſhall hinder my Revenge. [*Going.*

Har. [*Interpoſing.*] Stay, Madam!

Mrs. *Oak.* Let Me go. I cannot bear this Place.

Har. Let me beſeech You, Madam!

Oak. What does the Girl mean?

Maj. Courage! Brother. You have done Wonders. } *Apart.*

Oak. I think, She'll have no more Fits. }

Har.

Har. Stay, Madam!——Pray ſtay!——but one Moment.——I have been a painful Witneſs of your Uneaſineſs, and in great Part the innocent Occaſion of it. Give me Leave then.——

Mrs. *Oak.* I did not expect indeed to have found You here again. But however.——

Har. I ſee the Agitation of Your Mind, and it makes Me miſerable. Suffer Me to tell You the real Truth. I can explain every Thing to your Satisfaction.

Mrs. *Oak.* May be ſo——I cannot argue with You.

Char. Pray, Madam, hear Her——for my Sake——for your own——Dear Madam!

Mrs. *Oak.* Well——well——proceed

Oak. I ſhall relapſe, I can't bear to ſee Her ſo uneaſy. } *Apart.*

Maj. Huſh!——Huſh! }

Har. I underſtand, Madam, that your firſt Alarm was occaſioned by a Letter from my Father to your Nephew.

Ruſ. I was in a bloody Paſſion to be ſure, Madam!——The Letter was not over-civil, I believe——I did not know but the young Rogue had ruined my Girl.—But it's all over now, and ſo——

Mrs. *Oak.* You was here Yeſterday, Sir!

Ruſ. Yes, I came after *Harriot.* I thought I ſhou'd find my young Madam with my young Sir, here.

Mrs. *Oak.* With *Charles*, did you ſay? Sir.

Ruſ. Ay, with *Charles*, Madam! The young Rogue has been fond of Her a long Time, and She of Him, it ſeems.

Mrs. *Oak.* I fear I have been to blame. [*Aſide.*

Ruſ. I aſk Pardon, Madam, for the Diſturbance I made in your Houſe.

Har. And the abrupt Manner, in which I came into it, demands a thouſand Apologies. But the Occaſion muſt be my Excuſe.

Mrs. *Oak.* How have I been miſtaken! [*Aſide.*]——But did not I overhear You and Mr. *Oakly*——

[*To* Harriot.

Har,

Har. Dear Madam! You had but a partial Hearing of our Converſation. It related entirely to this Gentleman.

Char. To put it beyond Doubt, Madam, Mr. *Ruſſet* and my Guardian have conſented to our Marriage; and We are in Hopes that You will not withhold your Approbation.

Mrs. *Oak.* I have no further Doubt—I ſee You are innocent, and it was cruel to ſuſpect You—— You have taken a load of Anguiſh off my Mind——And yet your kind Interpoſition comes too late. Mr. *Oakly*'s Love for Me is entirely deſtroyed. [*Weeping.*

Oak. I muſt go to Her——
Maj. Not yet!—Not yet! } *Apart.*

Har. Do not diſturb Yourſelf with ſuch Apprehenſions. I am ſure Mr. *Oakly* loves You moſt affectionately.

Oak. I can hold no longer. [*Going to Her.*] My Affection for You, Madam, is as warm as ever. Nothing can ever extinguiſh it. My conſtrained Behaviour cut me to the Soul——For within theſe few Hours it has been all conſtrained——and it was with the utmoſt Difficulty that I was able to ſupport it.

Mrs. *Oak.* O, Mr. *Oakly*, how have I expoſed Myſelf! What low Arts has my Jealouſy induced Me to practice! I ſee my Folly, and fear that You can never forgive Me.

Oak. Forgive You!——You are too good, my Love!——Forgive You!——Can You forgive Me?——This Change tranſports Me.——Brother! Mr. *Ruſſet! Charles! Harriot!* give Me Joy!——I am the happieſt Man in the World.

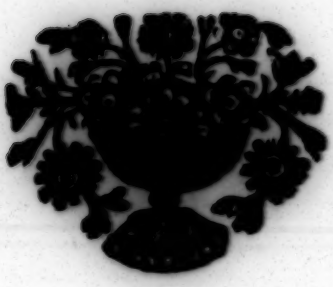
Maj. Joy, much Joy to you both! though, by-the-bye, You are not a little obliged to Me for it. Did not I tell You I wou'd cure all the Diſorders in your Family? I beg Pardon, Siſter, for taking the Liberty to preſcribe for You. My Medicines have been ſomewhat rough, I believe, but they have had an admirable Effect, and ſo don't be angry with your Phyſician.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Oak*. I am indeed obliged to You, and I feel——

Oak. Nay, my Dear, no more of this. All that's paſt muſt be utterly forgotten.

Mrs. *Oak*. I have not merited this Kindneſs, but it ſhall hereafter be my Study to deſerve it. Away with all idle Jealouſies! and ſince my Suſpicions have hitherto been groundleſs, I am reſolved for the Future never to ſuſpect at all.



EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *CLIVE.*

Ladies! I've had a Squabble with the Poet———
About his Characters———and You ſhall know it.
Young Man, ſaid I, reſtrain your ſaucy Satire!
My Part's ridiculous——falſe——out of Nature.
Fine Draughts indeed of Ladies! ſure You hate 'em!
Why, Sir,——My Part is Scandalum Magnatum.

Lord, Ma'am, ſaid He, to copy Life my Trade is,
And Poets ever have made free with Ladies:
One Simon*—the Duce take ſuch Names as theſe!—*
A hard Greek *Name—O—y—*Simonides*———*
He ſhew'd,—our Freaks, this Whim and that Deſire,
Roſe firſt from Earth, Sea, Air, nay, ſome from Fire;
Or that we owe our Perſons, Minds, and Features
To Birds, forſooth, and filthy four legg'd Creatures.

The Dame, of Manners various, Temper fickle,
Now all for Pleaſure, now the Conventicle!
Who Prays, then Raves, now Calm, now all Commotion,
Riſes, another Venus, *from the Ocean.*

Conſtan

EPILOGUE.

Conſtant at ev'ry Sale, the Curious Fair,
Who longs for Dreſden, *and old* China *Ware;*
Who doats on Pagods, and gives up vile Man
For niddle-noddle Figures from Japan;
Critick in Jars and Joſſes, ſhews her Birth
Drawn, like the brittle Ware itſelf, from Earth.

The ſtaunting She, ſo ſtately, rich, and vain,
Who gains her Conqueſts by her Length of Train;
While all her Vanity is under Sail,
Sweeps, a proud Peacock, with a gaudy Tail.

Huſband and Wife, with Sweets! *and* Dears! *and*
Loves!
What are They, but a Pair of cooing Doves?
But ſeiz'd with Spleen, Fits, Humours, and all that,
Your Dove and Turtle turn to Dog and Cat.

The Goſſip, Prude, Old Maid, Coquette, and Trapes,
Are Parrots, Foxes, Magpies, Waſps, and Apes:
But She, with ev'ry Charm of Form and Mind,
Oh! She's——ſweet Soul!—the Phœnix of her Kind.
The Phœnix *of her Kind!——upon my Word*
He's a ſly Wretch—pray?—is there ſuch a Bird?

This his Apology!——'Tis rank Abuſe——
A freſh Affront, inſtead of an Excuſe!
His own Sex rather ſuch Deſcription ſuits:
Why don't He draw their *Characters——The Brutes!*
Ay, let Him paint thoſe ugly Monſters, Men!——
Mean time—Mend We our Lives—He'll mend his Pen.

FINIS.

BIBLIOTECA·BOLOGNA·